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Poetry.

PRO PATRIA.

BY HENRY M. LOCK.

Through glade and glen, from deep to deep,
The silent host of heroes sleep—
Their arms at rest, their labor done,
The battle fought, the victory won.

O'er some, through all the golden day
Fame's loudest echoes gravely play,
And immortelle and myrtle weave
A dewy wreath for them at eve,

While floats around them, low and sweet,
The prayer which loving lips repeat.
O'er many more no trophies rise—
Unmissed, unknown each sleeper lies.

With wilding fern or asphodel
Alone to mark where valor fell.
What though above their dreamless sleep
No mourner's head be bowed to weep?

What though no sage their record write,
Nor grateful bard their fame indite?
Their glory gleams o'er every plain
That bears their blood's redeeming stain:

Above the soft splendor of the stars
When first they break their twilight bars,
The pure effulgence pours around,
And hallows the historic ground.

For ye the granite, rear the bronze
For Freedom's brave, immortal sons—
Rich though the tribute, rare the pains,
A prouder guerdon yet remains.

When bronze shall waste, and granite fall,
And dark oblivion mantle all,
The generations yet to be
Shall break the anthem of the free,

Forever wafting with its tone
The story carved in crumbling stone;
Forever bearing, blest refrain!
The honors of the nameless slain.

Then sleep, ye silent heroes, sleep,
Through glade and glen, from deep to deep;
Nor foeman's shaft nor coward's blame
Shall reach your everlasting fame.

And thou, O Empire of the Free!
Beloved land, God compass thee!
Still keep and guard thee in thy ways,
Still prosper thee in coming days!

And ye, O People brave and blest,
Love still your country's cause the best;
Uphold her faith, maintain her powers,
Defend her ramparts and her towers.

While waves her dauntless flag on high,
While joyous salvos shake the sky,
In praise to Him whose fiat broke
The traitor's steel, the tyrant's yoke.

Our Story Teller.

THE TELL-TALE NECKLACE;

—OR—

The Soldier of Fontenoy.

A Tale of Circumstantial Evidence.

CHAPTER I.

THE EVE OF THE BATTLE.

On the morning of the 10th of May, 1745, the cottagers in the vicinity of the village of Antoin, in the Province of Flanders, France, were startled by the booming of heavy cannon, the sounds, apparently, coming from the direction of Fontenoy. The men in the fields left their work and collected in little groups to discuss the possible results of the impending conflict. The women, grasping their little ones, rushed to the doors and windows of their houses, and gazed into the distance, as if the omens of victory or defeat would appear in the clear blue sky above them. Growing braver as they became accustomed to these unwonted noises, several ventured down the road toward a pretty cottage, at the door of which stood a tall, handsome woman, holding in her arms a delicate little girl.

"Well, Madeleine, they are very near us," said Marie Meyer. "You always feel sure of our side winning, but I—I always feel wretched until I hear who is on the retreat. Heaven send that our army may advance, for, if they fall back after the fight, we shall all be murdered in our homes!"

"If only our brave Marshal de Saxe is with the troops, all will go well," said Madeleine Renaud, with another glance down the road. Then she sighed, and turned to the little group. "Come in and rest, awhile, Adrienne was frightened at the noise. Poor little creature! she is too timid for a soldier's child. Jean will hardly know her when he comes back; she has grown so tall and thin. Will you play again with your toys?" she asked Adrienne, who only clung tighter to her neck, and sobbed aloud.

Madeleine pressed the little one in her strong arms, and led the way into the best room of the cottage.

It was, undeniably, the handsomest "best room" in the Province, for Jean Renaud had drawn a prize in the marriage lottery. Madeleine being the foster sister of the Countess d'Aubretot, and a pet with the whole family. Everything in the room bore traces of the liberality shown to Madeleine on the occasion of her marriage to Jean, six years before. Her furniture was handsome as well as substantial; the curtains that shaded the window and hung before the high bed were of a texture finer than is usually found in cottages; a Swiss clock hung above the mantle-shelf, and the image of the Virgin was also a wood carving, brought to Madeleine by the countess after one of her visits to Paris. The perfume of violets pervaded the room, for Madeleine was sure to have the earliest blossoms to be found in the woods, and these were prettily arranged in a china plate, another of Madeleine's choice treasures. The plate stood on a tall, wide cupboard, with three doors, each of which boasted of a separate key and a very strong lock.

Scarcely had Madeline and her neighbors sat down to forget anxiety in a little gossip, before Adrienne, sitting up and shaking the tears from her blue eyes, pointed to the cupboard and said:

"I want the necklace, mamma."

"That always comforts her," said Madeleine, rising, and putting Adrienne on the high bed. "If I give it to her, she sits and watches the stones sparkling, and I verily believe she knows each one, and just where it is set, but she never illuses it."

While speaking, Madeline took a bunch of keys from her pocket, unlocked the middle door of the cupboard, and taking out a box placed it before Adrienne.

The neighbors crowded around, anxious to see the necklace so prized by a child. The box was of dark wood, quaintly carved on the lid and sides, and as Adrienne raised the cover, a general cry of wonder and delight met her ears.

Madeleine, bending over her child, enjoyed her neighbor's surprise.

On a red velvet cushion lay a magnificent necklace, formed of graduated lozenges, in each of which rubies, emeralds and sapphires blazed and sparkled with borrowed lustre. The centre piece, a medallion holding a miniature of the Countess, was set with exquisite diamonds. Adrienne laughed as she watched the stones, and gently patted them with her little white hands.

"Heavens! how lovely! What a princely gift!" cried Marie Meyer, raising it, and holding it to the light for all to see it better. Adrienne gazed at the group, too much astonished at this daring act to speak.

"A dangerous gift, I should think!" remarked Aglae Leroux, the belle of the little community.

"You are right," said Madeleine, with an unconscious sigh. "It was too rich a present for one like me, but nothing is too good for those whom she loves; she is generous to a fault. Countess Claire loves me as she would a sister, and when I married she said that I should have her likeness with me always. Come, Adrienne, show us the largest ruby."

Adrienne put a finger on the stone without a second's hesitation.

"And the brightest sapphire?"

"Here it is," cried Adrienne, delighted when her treasure was restored to her.

"You should be more careful of it," said Marie Meyer, preparing to go. "I would not leave it where strangers could see it if it were mine."

"I never take it out except to amuse Adrienne when I am too busy to entertain her. I often wish she would play out of doors with the other children, but, no, she is just my shadow—she never wants to leave me."

Well, Madeleine, farewell. Let us pray for our army and the king. No doubt, before to-morrow night our fate will be settled."

"Farewell," said Madeleine, going to the door with her friends. "Farewell. If our Marshal is with the troops we may sleep in peace."

"Mamma, where is papa?" asked Adrienne, looking up, as her mother closed the cottage door, and returned to her side.

"In Paris, my child, with his regiment. If he were near us, mamma would not feel so light-hearted. And now, my baby, let me put away the necklace; perhaps you can take a little sleep after dinner."

"No, I am not sleepy. I will sit by the window; some one may come up the road with news."

Madeleine carefully put away the box and locked the cupboard. She began to doubt the wisdom of having shown the jewels to her neighbors. In a few days everyone in the village would know that she owned a costly necklace, and kept it in the house. She grew nervous, but soon forgot her fears, and began preparing dinner for her child and herself.

The soup was smoking on the table and the omelet was emitting a savory odor of herbs, when a cry from Adrienne drew her attention to the child.

Kneeling on the window seat, Adrienne's eyes were fixed on the figure of a man coming slowly up the road. For a minute Magdeleine's heart ceased to beat; the next she knew that the figure was not tall enough for her husband; but he was dressed in the well-known uniform of the French Guards, and she realized that her husband was in the vicinity, perhaps had been injured, and that this man was bringing her news. With the return of power to move came also self-control. Madeleine left the cottage with Adrienne holding her skirt, and going to the gate awaited the man's approach.

He was wounded, that she perceived at once, and his whole appearance showed that he had been through a fierce struggle. Madeleine opened the gate and motioned to him to enter.

"You belong to the French Guards!" she cried. "Tell me, do you know Jean Renaud?"

"I do, well. He is your husband? Do not worry. I saw him safe and well not an hour ago. The worst is over for to-day. What to-morrow will bring, Heaven knows! I have lost my way, but I am too exhausted to retrace my steps without resting. You see I am slightly hurt."

"Come in and take dinner with us," said Madeleine, her kind voice attracting a peculiarly fixed gaze from a pair of very blue eyes, protected by long lashes and the heaviest eye brows she thought that she had ever seen.

"Yes, come and dine with us," said Adrienne, in her childish, light voice. "Papa wears a coat like that!"

"Yes, and wears it nobly, little one! You are both too kind, but I'll not forget your kindness. Jacques Latour never forgets either a kindness or an injury."

The force and the gestures with which these words were pronounced made Adrienne start back and run toward the house.

"She is easily frightened," said Madeleine, keeping pace with the soldier's slow steps. "Every member of my husband's regiment has a claim on my hospitality."

Jacques Latour ate as only hungry men can. Madeleine made coffee for him, and having satisfied his hunger, she brought water and linen and bathed and bandaged his wounded leg.

All the time she was conscious that the man watched her with an intense interest which bordered on admiration.

"You do not belong here?" he said, at last. "You come from Paris."

"Why, yes. I was born here in Antoin, but I have spent part of nearly every year in Paris when the Countess was there."

"Countess who?"

"Countess d'Aubretot. She is my foster-sister. Is the Count with the regiment?"

"Yes; and his wife was preparing to leave Paris when we started."

"Then she is coming here to the chateau!" cried Madeline, clasping her hands in her delight. "To-morrow, Adrienne, we must go to the chateau and welcome her."

"Better not leave the house to-morrow," said Jacques Latour. "The whole neighborhood will be full of soldiers and camp followers, and you and the little one are safest here; besides, the Countess cannot have arrived here yet. We came in a hurry. The King and the Dauphin are at Fontenoy, and so is our Marshal, Heaven bless him."

"Just hear, Adrienne! His Majesty and our good Dauphin! How I would like to see them!"

"Do not think of such a thing until after to-morrow; and now I must get back to camp. Little one, will you kiss me once before I go? Perhaps we shall never meet again; but if we do, I shall not forget this day's kindness."

He put out his arms. Adrienne at first drew back; then, on second thought, let the great soldier kiss her hands and cheek.

"Should you see Jean, you will tell him that we are well, and send our love and blessing!" said Madeleine, trying to hide her tears. I wonder—I wonder he did not come, if only for a moment."

"He dare not leave now; my being here is an accident. Farewell, and remember, should you or Adrienne ever need a friend, you have only to call upon me, Jacques Latour."

So saying, Jacques Latour adjusted his sword, took his gun, and raising his hat, as a parting salutation, tried to walk gaily down the road.

Madeleine and Adrienne strained their eyes watching the blue coat as it gradually become indistinct in the distance.

"And now," said Adrienne, settling herself in the window-seat, "I must watch for papa."

It was an echo of Madeleine's own thought. Surely, Jean would come. Only a few miles separated him from wife and child; the distance was no obstacle. Nervous and excited, as the hope of seeing him increased in her breast, Madeleine went uneasily from room to room in the cottage, trying, by dint of occupation, to keep herself calm and light-hearted. Every now and then she would return to Adrienne's post, caress the child for a few minutes, and again busy herself with domestic cares.

She would prepare Jean's favorite supper, then, if he came, hungry no doubt and exhausted, after the long march and the morning's skirmish, she would enjoy the oid satisfaction of seeing him eat and hearing him praise her nice food.

Madeleine's cottage was built like the majority of French cottages of the period in a manner called *pise*, that is of clay, compressed and hardened, cut in blocks and laid in mortar, like stones. These houses are sometimes three stories high, and have window frames of stone. Madeleine's upper floors were seldom used; she and Adrienne slept in a pretty little room to the right of the large middle apartment or *grande chambre*, as it is called. On the left was the kitchen, both rooms being shut off by strong wooden doors from the main one. The back windows of the "best room" were wide and low, opening on a small patch of ground used as a kitchen garden. Vines, carefully trained, almost concealed the gray walls, and the lawn in front was bright with early spring flowers, which Madeleine had brought from the lovely gardens of the Chateau d'Aubretot.

Beyond the kitchen garden stretched the orchard, the trees of which were white with blossoms; in the high grass, daisies and buttercups raised their heads, as if coaxing Adrienne to come and gather them for a garland; but Adrienne was not to be attracted. For months her father's return had been the grand topic of conversation, and now, any minute his tall form might come up the road, and Adrienne wanted to run and meet him.

However, the long afternoon passed away, twilight was creeping like a haze over the landscape, and Adrienne began to lose hope. Madeleine, in her low seat, tried in vain to fix her thoughts on her every day employments. They would wander off to the days of her courtship, and the stormy period that had constantly separated her and Jean since their marriage. Campaign after campaign had he left home to follow Count d'Aubretot's fortunes in the field, and Jean Renaud was considered one of the bravest men in the Guards. Tall and powerfully built, the stories of his prowess and daring seemed almost fabulous; but Madeleine never tired of hearing his praises, no matter by whom they were sung. This very natural and feminine weakness had caused the only cloud in their short married life. Madeleine's beauty and intelligence had won her many admirers, both in Antoin and in Paris; but Jean also belonged in Antoin, and Madeleine had known him always, and cared only for him. But, when his companions in arms sat down to dilate on his deeds, Madeleine listened with delight, and Jean, mistaking her pleasure for that of gratified vanity, often grew furiously jealous, and being quick-tempered, was apt to express his anger in loud tones. Poor Madeleine had nothing to meet his torrents of passionate jealousy but her girlish innocence of wrong and her love which in his heart of hearts he never doubted; only, he was a man of strong passions, and the constant society of men made fierce by the barbarism of war, did not tend to teach him self-control or the gentleness needed in dealing with a sensitive woman.

"Bear with him, Medeleine," Countess Claire would say. "Men are queer creatures. When he is older he will learn to trust you, and feel ashamed of his old suspicions. I am quite sure that if men knew how we women value confidence and trust they would never awaken the feeling by doubting us."

On the other hand, Marie Meyer, not being as romantic as the countess, was more practical in her view of the subject.

"Be careful, Madeleine, he will do you a mischief one of these days, and then repent his passion for the rest of his life. Let sleeping dogs lie. You know what he is now—a chained tiger when at home. The battle-field is the best place for men, after all. There they can let loose their passions and win fame by forgetting that they are human beings; at home they have no use for their grand talents, and we women are good enough for them to vent their humors on!"

Which good advice fell on listless ears, for Madeleine loved too truly to be cautious, and was constantly falling into fresh pitfalls. Recalling the events of that day she knew that Jean would have preferred another woman than his young, pretty wife to wait upon Jacques Latour, and, no doubt, should Jacques mention the matter in camp, Madeleine would be taken to task for her action. Yet, were it to happen again—a soldier needing help—she knew that she would risk a scolding and obey the dictates of her kind heart.

"Were Jean in distress, I would bless the woman who would come to his relief; and why should not I do the same for the husband of some other poor creature, sitting alone as I do now, wondering if she will ever see her loved one again?"

"Mamma, mamma! you must not cry!" said Adrienne. "Papa will surely come; I know he will!" and, jumping from the window seat, Adrienne threw herself on her mother's knees at her mother's side, and stretching her slight arms around Madeleine's neck, drew her face down for a kiss.

At that moment heavy steps were audible on the path, the door was flung wide open, and, rushing in, Jean Renaud threw his arms around wife and child, and pressed them to his heart.

CHAPTER II.

WHAT DETAINED JEAN RENAUD.

The skirmish of the morning had been fought between a detachment of French, who were hastily constructing redoubts near the village of Antoin, and a party of Dutch sent to dislodge them. The French had held their ground until strongly reinforced, when the enemy retired. It happened that the regiment to which Jean Renaud belonged was the one detailed to cover the men at work on the redoubts, and it suffered severely during the short but impetuous onslaught. Jean saw his comrades fall around him in numbers, and, the firing over, he led the way to their succor. It was sad and weary labor, for the ground was very uneven, and several companies had been stationed in a deep ravine; where the search was necessarily slow and difficult. Anxious, and dissatisfied with the search, he started alone on a final survey of the ravine, in that portion where the reinforcements had met the enemy's fire. Jean was noted for just such rapidly conceived ideas, and, like other progressive people, was generally left to carry them out alone. Of course, he never shared any blame that might accrue, but at the same time he often won all the credit of a noble deed.

Now, as he sprang from stone to stone in the rocky descent, his quick gray eyes darting rapid glances beneath the clumps of under-brush, he was thinking of the nearness of his own home, and the possibility of hazarding a visit to his wife and child. It would be a dangerous experiment to leave his regiment in the face of the enemy, even for the few short hours that the quick walk would require. Men had been shot as deserters for a less offense; then, again, Madeleine did not dream of his presence at Antoin, and would not miss his society. Why take the risk? Still, everything pointed to a terrible conflict on the morrow. If he did not see Madeleine before dawn, it was possible that he would never see her again. Death, that had so often spared him, might claim him now. At nightfall he could easily leave camp, and by cutting across the well-known fields, where all his boyish days had been spent, he could reach his cottage in an hour. The more his thoughts dwelt on the subject the more he hungered for a sight of his wife and child. He pictured their astonishment at his appearance, their joy at his presence with them, their anxiety for his safety on the morrow.

The reflection almost put an end to his intention of going home. For some time he balanced his longing to see his wife with the needless agony she must suffer, fearing for his safety in the coming fight. Yet, if he did not see her to-night, how could he meet the morrow's chances with a brave heart? Her love and prayers would inspire and shield him, as he faithfully believed they had in previous battles. See her he must and would!

How often in the fearful future did he recall this mental argument, going over and over the moral conflict which it involved! Had he but clung to his duty as a soldier, trusting the hopes of again seeing his wife and little one to the God of Battles, how different would have been his future! Years of misery in exchange for one short hour of bliss!

Jean Renaud was turning back in the direction of the redoubt, when a fatal moan reached his quick ears. Proceeding in the direction whence it came, he soon perceived a man lying, face downwards, on the bare rocks. He wore the dress of an officer in the Swiss Guards. Jean was quickly at his side, and having raised him in his strong arms, he placed him in a more comfortable position, unbuttoned his coat, and tried to staunch the blood which flowed from a wound in his side. The stranger was a man of 20 or 25 years, tall, slight and richly dressed. His hair, where the powder was brushed off, was black, as were his eye-brows and the long lashes lying on his pallid cheeks.

"It is useless, my friend," he gasped, after some seconds, during which Jean saw that the hurt was a mortal one. "You had better seek safety. I am past being hurt."

"I am in no danger," said Jean, kindly; "perhaps I can serve you in some way; to move again would only be to hasten——"

"I know. I know Who are you?"

"Jean Renaud; French Guards."

A faint smile passed over the dying man's features, his eyes brightened with a gleam of satisfaction.

"You are an honest man, then, I can trust you. Oh! for a little strength to tell you all that you should know, for her sake, my Valentine; but the moments are precious now. You will not forget?"

"Trust me," said Jean.

"My child is with the canoness, her aunt, at Arras. You will see that these papers reach her as soon as possible. Her mother's diamonds are in the box. I intended to visit her, and leave them with her, lest this campaign should be my last. Take them; never mind if you do hurt me; it is a relief to know that they are safe in a good man's hands."

Jean guardedly drew the packet and casket from the gentleman's clothing, and secured them in his own dress.

"You will take my signet ring, too, and my purse and its contents are for yourself. Nay, do not refuse the money; it will be of service to you one of these days, perhaps. You have dear ones depending upon you?"

"Yes; my wife and little daughter."

"Then, take it for them. I, too, have a little daughter—my Valentine. You will see your child again; but I——"

"Alas!" said Jean, "to think that I, so strong and willing as I am, dare not move you, lest I should injure you still more."

"Do not fret for me; it is what every soldier expects—to die for his country. I wanted to see to-morrow's fight. It will be a glorious day for France! Victory is certain; you will share the danger and the glory! Your hand, comrade; my strength is fast going. Think of yourself, your duties. I do not fear death; I can meet it here alone; but take with you the last words and wishes of Alfred de Mornasse. Tell my daughter to obey her aunt's wishes; say that her father's last prayer's and thougdts were for her happiness——"

A long sigh and the Count de Mornasse fainted with exhaustion.

Jean did not like to leave him, but he knew that his own absence would be noticed, and he felt that to stay was useless. Having placed the count's head in the most comfortable position possible, Jean glanced again at the long, regular features, still as if already rigid in death, and turned away with a heavy heart. It was not the first time he had been forced to leave a dying man, but he had never before done it so reluctantly.

He found everything in confusion when he reached his regiment. Orders for certain changes in the disposition of the troops had been sent in, and the French Guards had been ordered to the front. This increased the difficulties of a visit to his home, and naturally made Jean more eager to make the attempt.

It was dusk before he could set out, and his way had to be circuitous, so as to avoid the sentinels, who were on guard in large numbers.

Jean's knowledge of the country did him good service, and at length he gained the fields beyond the outposts, and was able to pursue his way rapidly. The roads were full of stragglers and camp followers, and the knowledge of the immense value of the jewels that he carried kept him on the alert for every sound and motion.

His joy when the well-known cottage was in sight can be imagined, and gaining the little lawn in front, he had a glimpse of the sweet picture within—Madeleine sitting in her low chair with Adrienne kneeling by her side.

"I knew you would come, papa," cried Adrienne, as soon as she could recover breath after his embrace. "Mamma and I have watched for you ever so long!"

"Why, my pet, how did you know that papa was near you?"

"Some one was here," said Adrienne; hastening to explain the mystery. One of your regiment, Jacques Latour. He told us so much news; that his majesty and the dauphin are with the army, and that our countess is on her way to D'Aubretot."

"I see you know all the budget. Yes, we arrived last night. Madeleine, you and Adrienne must keep within doors awhile. I think every robber in Paris came with us, but I doubt that they find many spoils. We have nothing worth stealing, and our Dutch and English friends travel still lighter of baggage. I wish that you and Adrienne were safe in the chateau: but it is too late to get there to-night or I would put Adrienne on my shouder and set out. Well, how did you like Jacques Latour?"

"Very well. He seemed honest and good-natured. But never mind him—tell me how you have been all these weeks?"

"As you see, in good health and in good spirits, except when I thought of you and the baby here without me. However, should we win the battle to-morrow, no doubt the campaign will be ended; and, then, farewell to soldiering for me. The count has offered me my old position, as forester at D'Aubretot, and I have accepted.

"Ah, Jean, if you only would give up this terrible life, all made up of partings and anxiety!" And Madeleine stopped her preparations for Jean's supper to throw her arms around his neck and thank him with kisses.

He watched her quick, light movements about the cottage, thinking that he had never seen her look so handsome. Her soft, dark braids were partly hidden by the low cap of white muslin, peculiar to the women of that province. Her large eyes were shining with delight and excitement, and the determination not to give way before him, but to encourage him by the assumption of gayety, gave an unnatural brilliancy to her cheeks and lips.

Madeleine wore the peasant's costume when at Antoin—a short, bright scarlet petticoat, a black jacket, and a colored apron; long gold ear-rings and a gold chain and cross. The dress was peculiarly becoming to her tall, rounded figure, and she wore it with ease and gracefulness. It was Jean's favorite dress. He rather disliked the long skirts which she put on when in Paris so as to look as if she belonged in the city.

The little party quite enjoyed the hastily-arranged supper. Adrienne sat on her father's knee, her golden ringlets touching his powdered hair and long braided queue, which was a source of endless amusement for her. One delicate little arm and hand rested on his neck, the other alternately fed him and herself. Madeliene waited on father and child, and tried to forget the morrow.

At that period the dress of the French Guards was more picturesque than practical for fighting purposes. "The army was at that time," says one of their own writers, "enslaved by the fashion of powder and queues." The coat worn by the French Guards was of dark blue. All the soldiers wore a belt and a large shoulder-belt. Both pieces were made of silk. Those for the *corps de'elite* being adorned with lace. The pointed hat was mounted on a paste-board block, without fur. The foot soldiers had a cartridge-box for cartridges, worn on their right side in their belt, and on the left a hanger, which held at the same time the sword and the bayonet case.

Adrienne, having satisfied her hunger, began to play with the cartridge-box, and to exert her small strength in opening it. Jean looked meaningly at Madeleine.

"I have not much longer to stay with you, Adrienne, kiss papa, and go to bed; mamma and I have something to say to each other."

"Ah, no, please let me stay with you," said Adrienne, throwing her arms around his neck, and pressing kisses on his cheeks and lips. Jean held her in his arms for some minutes longer, wondering, as men will, at the beauty and fragility of the little creature who was his very own, whose very helplessness held him bound as if in chains. So, for some minutes, father and child sat thus, without speaking, until the sacred stillness made Adrienne drowsy, and Madeleine took her from Jean's reluctant arms and carried her into the next room, where she laid her on the bed, put a light covering over her, and then returned to Jean.

He was sitting nearer the table, on which lay his cartridge-box, empty. From it he had taken a purse, and he was counting out of it gold louis d'or, which he had placed in a pile in front of him. Two parcels lay at his elbow.

"Heavens!, Jean, where did you get them.

Jean threw his arm around Madeleine, and drew her to a seat near him.

'Tis a long story, my dear, let me count these, and you shall hear it all. Three—three hundred louis d'or; only think of it, Madeleine! They are ours, honestly ours; should anything happen to me to-morrow——"

"Ah, Jean, do not speak like that. I cannot bear it."

"But, Madeleine, some must fall, and I do not bear a charmed life. Be sensible, my darling, and listen to me. This money, if necessary, can be so placed as to keep you and Adrienne from want. If I do not come back you will give it to Count d'Aubretot to invest for your benefit. Promise me."

"I do—I will," said Madeleine, with an effort to regain her self-control. "What a pretty purse, Jean! It has a coronet worked on this corner——"

"Yes; it belonged to the Count Mornasse. You will keep it, Madeleine, as a souvenir; one of these days it may prove useful to us. Now, these packages, in case—well, in case my duties fall to you to carry out, must reach the Countess Valentine de Mornesse at Arras, where she lives with her aunt, a canoness. You see these are all papers, title-deeds to estates; and in this casket—see" Jean pressed a spring, the lid opened, and Madeleine gave a sigh of admiration at the brilliancy and size of the diamonds thus disclosed. "They were her mother's jewels. The signet-ring of the count's I will put with them. And now, Madeleine, where is the safest spot to hide them? As soon as possible after to-morrow they must reach their proper owner. I do not like the responsibility of keeping them, even for a few days."

"I suppose the safest place will be in the Swiss box with my necklace. It is large enough to hold all of them."

"Well, get it; and now you shall hear all about them."

While Madeleine unlocked the cupboard, and took out her treasured box, Jean described his finding of the wounded count, and their long interview. While talking, he held Madeleine's necklace to the lamp, letting the rays fall on the dazzling gems, to admire them, and then he carefully arranged the jewels and papers beside it on the velvet.

"No one dreams of what this cottage contains, Madeleine, or you would scarcely be safe in it when I am away."

"Alas! Jean, only this morning Adrienne asked for the necklace before some neighbors, and I was silly and vain enough to let them see it."

"Who are they?"

"Marie Mayer, Aglae Leroux, Annette Despard, and Victorine Gabrelle. Of course they are honest, but——"

"But they are gossips, and may talk. Well, Madeleine, cheer up. We will find a safer place for the gems and the gold, and you can tell our neighbors so; and now, my own darling, I must leave you."

Madeleine threw her arms around him, unable to utter a word, and, for some minutes, only her sobs broke the stillness.

"You will unman me, darling, if you give way like this, and I need all my courage now," he whispered, keeping back his own tears, while his arms held her as in a vise. "Madeleine! Madeleine! I must go. Surely, surely, you would not have your husband called a coward!"

The agony in his voice roused her. She lifted her head from his breast, and unclasped her arms from his neck.

"One minute," she whispered. "Go and kiss Adrienne, while I put away the box."

Madeleine placed the box in the cupboard, locked the door, and put the keys in her deep side-pocket. Going into the next room, she saw Jean kneeling by the bedside, his gaze fixed on Adrienne's upturned sleeping face. Her little mouth was smiling. Perhaps she dreamed of him. Jean kissed the drooping eyelids and waxen cheeks, his hot blinding tears no longer to be kept back, and then he rushed from the room. Madeleine closed the door after her, and softly drew the heavy wooden bolt into the socket, thus guarding against Adrienne leaving the room, should she waken. That done, the mother gave way to the wife, and she followed Jean out on the lawn, caught up with him at the gate, and, putting her arm in his, they set out toward Antoin.

"Just to the tip of the hill, Jean. We have often walked it together, when you were sure to be back in a few hours——"

"Well, as you will. Should it be our last walk together, Madeleine, at least it shall be a happy one."

He tried to impart to her some of his own courage and renewed cheerfulness, but Madeleine had never felt so utterly despondent.

It was a lovely night; the stars glittered above the still landscape and the white cottages standing out from the background of dense forests. The perfumes from the blossoming orchards and hedges were wafted in the sweet fresh air; no sign of the hostile armies, who only waited dawn to begin their terrible work, was visible where Jean and Madeleine finally parted with a last passionate embrace—he to speed away, afraid to glance behind him, while Madeleine, sinking on a rock, gave way to the pent up grief and despair so long hidden and controlled.

She sat thus until Jean's tall figure disappeared in a piece of wood through which his way led, and then, with an effort, rose and turned her face homeward. She stopped at the gate to secure the latch, and coming up the little path, stood for a second for a last look at the peaceful, starry sky, at the dewy, tremulous May blossoms, and a lingering glance in the direction of Fountenoy.

"God protect my poor Jean to-morrow!" she murmured. "How shall I live through it, sitting at home with folded hands! Ah! well, I am not the only poor woman fretting this night for to morrow's woe. Adrienne will awake and miss me. Poor baby Adrienne! how little she dreams of what is hanging over us; and she is so fond of her father! If anything should happen to him, I think the child would die!"

So saying, Madeleine opened the heavy door, entered, and turning, secured it with a strong bolt. Then, turning again, she was advancing toward the table, when she heard a strange, scratching noise, and, looking up, saw a man standing in front of the cupboard, trying to open it at the middle door.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

RISEN FROM THE GRAVE;

—OR—

The Dead Alive,

A Startling Story of the Franco Prussian War.

BY WILKIE COLLINS.

EPILOGUE—CONTINUED.

III.

From Mr. Horace Holmcroft to Miss Grace Roseberry.

"MY DEAR MISS ROSEBERRY: Pray excuse my long silence. I have waited for mail after mail, in the hope of being able to send you some good news at last. It is useless to wait longer. My worst forebodings have been realized; my painful duty compels me to write a letter which will surprise and shock you.

"Let me describe events in their order as they happened. In this way I may hope to to gradually prepare your mind for what is to come.

"About three weeks after I wrote to you last, Julian Gray paid the penalty of his headlong rashness. I do not mean that he suffered any actual violence at the hands of the people among whom he had cast his lot. On the contrary, he succeeded, incredible as it may appear, in producing a favorable impression on the ruffians around him. As I understand it, they began by respecting his courage in venturing among them alone; and they ended in discovering that he was really interested in promoting their welfare. It is to the other peril, indicated in my last letter, that he has fallen a victim—the peril of disease. Not long after he began his labors in the district fever broke out. We only heard that Julian had been struck down by the epidemic when it was too late to remove him from the lodging that he occupied in the neighborhood. I made inquiries personally the moment the news reached us. The doctor in attendance refused to answer for his life.

"In this alarming state of things poor Lady Janet, impulsive and unreasonable as usual, insisted on leaving Mablethorpe House and taking up her residence near her nephew.

"Finding it impossible to persuade her of the folly of removing from home and its comforts at her age, I felt it my duty to accompany her. We found accommodation (such as it was) in a river-side inn, used by ship captains and commercial travelers. I took it on myself to provide the best medical assistance. Lady Janet's insane prejudices against doctors impelling her to leave this important part of the arrangement entirely in my hands.

"It is needless to weary you by entering into details on the subject of Julian's illness.

"The fever pursued the ordinary course, and was characterized by the usual intervals of delirium and exhaustion succeeding each other. Subsequent events, which it is, unfortunately, necessary to relate to you, leave me no choice but to dwell (as briefly as possible) on the painful subject of the delirium. In other cases the wanderings of fever-stricken people present, I am told, a certain variety of range. In Julian's case they were limited to one topic. He talked incessantly of Mercy Merrick. His invariable petition to his medical attendants entreated them to send for her to nurse him. Day and night that one idea was in his mind, and that one name on his lips.

"The doctors naturally made inquiries as to this absent person. I was obliged (in confidence) to state the circumstances to them plainly.

"The eminent physician whom I had called in to superintend the treatment behaved admirably. Though he has risen from the lower order of the people, he has, strange to say, the instincts of a gentleman. He thoroughly understood our trying position, and felt all the importance of preventing such a person as Mercy Merrick from seizing the opportunity of intruding herself at the bedside. A soothing prescription (I have his own authority for saying it) was all that was required to meet the patient's case. The local doctor, on the other hand, a young man (and evidently a red-hot radical), proved to be obstinate, and, considering his position, insolent as well. 'I have nothing to do with the lady's character, and with your opinion of it,' he said to me. 'I have only, to the best of my judgment, to point out to you the likeliest means of saving the patient's life. Our art is an end of its resources. Send for Mercy Merrick, no matter who she is or what she is. There is just a chance—especially if she proves to be a sensible person and a good nurse—that he may astonish you all by recognizing her. In that case only his recovery is probable. If you persist in disregarding his entreaties, if you let the delirium go on for four-and-twenty hours more, he is a dead man.'

"Lady Janet was, most unluckily, present when this impudent opinion was delivered at the bedside.

"Need I tell you the sequel? Called upon to choose between the course indicated by a physician who is making his five thousand a year, and who is certain of the next medical baronetcy, and the advice volunteered by an obscure general practitioner at the East End of London, who is not making five hundred a year—need I stop to inform you of her ladyship's decision? You know her; and you will only too well understand that her next proceeding was to pay a third visit to the Refuge.

"Two hours later—I give you my word of honor I am not exaggerating—Mercy Merrick was established at Julian's bedside.

"The excuse, of course, was that it was her duty not to let any private scruples of her own stand in the way, when a medical authority had declared that she might save the patient's life. You will not be surprised to hear that I withdrew from the scene. The physician followed my example—after having written his soothing prescription, and having been grossly insulted by the local practitioner's refusal to make use of it. I went back in the doctor's carriage. He spoke most feelingly and properly. Without giving any positive opinion, I could see that he had abandoned all hope of Julian's recovery. 'We are in the hands of Providence, Mr. Holmcroft,' those were his last words as he set me down at my mother's door.

"I have hardly the heart to go on. If I studied my own wishes, I should feel inclined to stop here.

"Let me, at least, hasten to the end. In two or three days's time I received my first intelligence of the patient and his nurse. Lady Janet informed me that he had recognized her. When I heard this I felt prepared for what was to come. The next report announced that he was gaining strength, and the next that he was out of danger. Upon this Lady Janet returned to Mablethorpe House. I called there a week ago—and heard that he had been removed to the seaside. I called yesterday—and received the latest information from her ladyship's own lips. My pen almost refuses to write it. Mercy Merrick has consented to marry him!

"An outrage on Society—that is how my mother and sisters view it; that is how *you* will view it too. My mother has herself struck Julian's name off her invitation list. The servants have their orders, if he presumes to call—'Not at home.'

"I am, unhappily, only too certain that I am correct in writing to you of this disgraceful marriage as of a settled thing. Lady Janet went the length of showing me the letters—one from Julian, the other from the woman herself. Fancy Mercy Merrick in correspondence with Lady Janet Roy! addressing her as 'My dear Lady Janet,' and signing 'Yours affectionately!'

"I had not the patience to read either of the letters through. Julian's tone is the tone of a Socialist: in my opinion his bishop ought to be informed of it. As for *her*, she plays her part just as cleverly with her pen as she played it with her tongue. 'I can not disguise from myself that I am wrong in yielding.....Sad forebodings till my mind when I think of the future.....I feel as if the first contemptuous look that is cast at my husband will destroy *my* happiness, though it may not disturb *him*.....As long as I was parted from him I could control my own weakness; I could accept my hard lot. But how can I resist him after having watched for weeks at his bedside; and after having seen his first smile, and heard his first grateful words to me while I was slowly helping him back to life?'

"There is the tone which she takes through four closely written pages of nauseous humility and claptrap sentiment! It is enough to make one despise women. Thank God, there is the contrast at hand to remind me of what is due to the better few among the sex. I feel that my mother and my sisters are doubly precious to me now. May I add, on the side of consolation, that I prize with hardly inferior gratitude, the privilege of corresponding with *you*?

"Farewell, for the present. I am too rudely shaken in my most cherished convictions; I am too depressed and disheartened to write more. All good wishes go with you, dear Miss Roseberry, until we next.

"Most truly yours,

HORACE HOLMCROFT."

Extracts from the Diary of the Reverend Julian Gray.

FIRST EXTRACT.

".....A month to-day since we were married! I have only one thing to say; I would cheerfully go through all that I have suffered to live this one month over again. I never knew what happiness was until now. And better still, I have persuaded Mercy that it was all her doing. I have scattered her misgivings to the winds; she is obliged to submit to evidence, and to own that she can make the happiness of my life.

"We go back to London to morrow. She regrets leaving the tranquil retirement of this remote sea side place—she dreads change. I care nothing for it. It is all one to me where I go, so long as my wife is with me."

SECOND EXTRACT.

"The first cloud has risen. I entered the room unexpectedly just now, and found her in tears.

"With considerable difficulty I persuaded her to tell me what had happened. Are there no limits to the mischief that can be done by the tongue of a foolish woman? The landlady at my lodgings is the woman, in this case. Having no decided plans for the future as yet, we returned (most unfortunately, as the event has proved) to the rooms in London which I inhabited in my bachelor days. They are still mine for six weeks to come, and Mercy was unwilling to let me incur the expense of taking her to a hotel. At breakfast this morning I rashly congratulated myself (in my wife's hearing) on finding that a much smaller collection than usual of letters and cards had accumulated in my absence. Breakfast over, I was obliged to go out. Painfully sensitive, poor thing, to any change in my experience of this little world around me which it is possible to connect with the event of my marriage, Mercy questioned the landlady, in my absence, about the diminished number of my visitors and my correspondence. The woman seized the opportunity of gossiping about me and my affairs, and my wife's quick perception drew the right conclusion unerringly. My marriage has decided certain wise heads of families on discontinuing their social relations with me. The

THE WEEKLY BLADE.

TOLEDO BLADE CO., Pubrs.

TOLEDO, O., THURSDAY, SEPT. 11, 1879

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As it is the invariable custom in all newspaper offices, a subscription year is reckoned as FIFTY-TWO WEEKS.

JAY GOULD feels quite generous. He must have got away with those Amsterdam Dutchmen very badly.

GOV. SPRAGUE will find it difficult to convince the public that he is a fitter custodian for his children than their mother.

THE attempt to get up a scandal against the Rev. ADIRONDACKS MURRAY seems to have fallen as flat as the THURMAN boom.

THEY do not allow clergymen to become members of the South Carolina Legislature. It is well; they would be terribly out of place

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CALIFORNIA answers the solid South with a solid Republican delegation in Congress. This solidifying is a game that two can play at.

A REPUBLICAN plurality of 20,000 in California is not bad for a party which, a year ago, the political doctors declared disbanded and dead.

IF the Democratic party is really sorry for the murder of DIXON, it might raise a fund for the support of his widow and five fatherless children.

THE Democratic papers in the Cities have now begun to speak of the "alleged business revival." The country press will catch the tune in a week or two.

IT is not to be wondered at that Mrs. SPRAGUE prefers almost any fate rather than to longer dwell under the same roof with a husband given to sudden fits of drunken abusiveness. Whether she has placed herself at a legal disadvantage by doing so is another question.

THE whole civilized world will rejoice to learn of the safe arrival of the ship "Vego" of the Swedish Exploring Expedition at Yokohama. Prof. NORDENSKJOLD telegraphs that all are well and the ship in an excellent condition. He and his brave companions have accomplished a great work whose influence upon commerce cannot yet be estimated.

WHEN an English reporter is hard up for matter he does not invent a double headed chicken, or a five legged calf, but goes out, hunts up and interviews "Another Survivor of the Gallant Six Hundred," and gives the result to his readers spiced with the inevitable Tennysonian quotations. The survivors seem to be quite as numerous in England as WASHINGTON'S body servants formerly were in this country. We expect the Russian artillery—like artillery generally—was much more noisy than destructive.

CETEWAYO, skipping out through South Africa just a little ahead of the British cavalry, reminds one of another leader of a crushed rebellion, who some 14 years ago was making the best time he could through Georgia, just a little in advance of the 1st Wisconsin and 4th Michigan Cavalry. Wonder if the comparison will continue to hold out? Will CETEWAYO immortalize himself by attempting to escape in his wife's petticoats, and years after inveigle some rich but weak minded Zulu widow into defrauding her heirs by deeding him her property? The only obstacle to part of the program is that none of the various Mrs. CETEWAYO wear petticoats.

MR. GLADSTONE'S following in England corresponds to the Republican party in this country. It is made up of the great, active, intelligent middle class—the brains, skill, business capacity and bone and sinew of the country. Opposed to him are the aristocracy and the lower classes—the same that form the Democratic party here, and the stupid, reactionary parties everywhere. It is the same elements that constitute the Legitimist or Bourbon party in France, the bigoted, intolerant, Clerical Conservative party in Germany, and the non-progressives who blight Spain and Italy. The excellence of the rule of Mr. GLADSTONE and its superiority in all respects to that of the Bourbon crowd which DISRAELI leads, is admirably shown by a comparison of the financial exhibits of the two administrations. During Mr. GLADSTONE'S administration he reduced the national debt $130,000,000, and reduced taxation to the amount of $65,000,000, besides leaving several million pounds in the Treasury for his successor. All this has been squandered by BEACONSFIELD; he remitted taxes have been reimposed, d the Government is still $23,000,000 t. This is the difference between the ial administrstion of a man like SHERMAN and one like PENDLETON MAN.

WHAT THE BLADE TEACHES.

PIONEERS' HOME,
Hardin Co., Tenn., Aug. 23, 1879.

To the Editor of the Toledo BLADE:

DEAR SIR:—The enclosed extract is from the *Tribune and Sun* an able and influential Democratic paper published at Jackson Tenn.

I was born and raised in Ohio, and served as a soldier in the late war—in the Second Ohio Volunteer Cavalry, and by the way, was one of the unfortunates at Andersonville. I have resided in the South since the war, and in politics am a true blue Republican, but not an extremist, and must say that I cannot indorse the advice given in the extract refeured to—and so far as I am able to judge—do not believe that any Republican in the South favors such a course. If the Republicans of Ohio have got to be such extremists, their defeat in October would be a God-send to the country.

Although I am not a subscriber to your paper I have long known and admired its fearless support of the Union cause, and am loth to believe that you are in favor of such atrocious acts as the murdering of the whites of Memphis by the negros, etc., and think that the *Tribune and Sun* must be mistaken in claiming that you advise such a course. If it is not mistaken, the Republicans of the North are in advance of their Southern brethren.

I sent for a sample copy of the BLADE a few days past which I presume will be received in due time. Should you deem the enclosed extract of sufficient importance to notice, please send me a copy of BLADE containing same. Yours, truly,

R. K. BAIRD, P. M.

The following is the extract Mr. BAIRD alludes to:

BLOODY MINDED.

Quite a number of Northern papers are advocating the wholesale murder of Democrats in order to insure a Radical victory in 1880. Indeed they seem to desire a similar slaughter to that which dyed France red with innocent blood on St. Bartholomew's day long ago. The Toledo BLADE is among the number of these bloody inquisitionists. It counsels the negroes of Memphis to murder the whites and take forcible possession of the city. It advocates bayonets at the polls to kill or intimidate Democratic voters. It holds that the country must be ruled by the Radical party, if to do so it becomes necessary to redden our rivers with the blood of freemen. Such are its teachings.

And yet, in the face of such sentiments, the National party faction in the South, led by a few men who are after office only and would sacrifice every interest of their people to get office, are trying to divide and defeat the Democratic party, knowing full well that the Radical party, many of whose leaders and members entertain similar sentiments, will be the sole beneficiary. Nationals of sense and reading, who are not blinded with prejudice, or deluded by selfish ambition, know that there is no earthly possibility of their party triumphing in 1880. They know that every vote they take from the Southern Democracy, is a gain to the Radical party. They know further, that if they succeed in so dividing the Democratic party as to lose to the Democracy Tennessee and Mississippi in 1880, that the result will be the election of a Radical President. Then, we ask, how can Democrats follow men, who would thus, for selfish reasons, for a few local or higher offices, destroy the only hope of the only party that can by any possibility defeat Radicalism in 1880. We ask can Democrats follow men or align themselves with a faction, whose only possible achievemnt is the bare chance of sufficiently dividing the Tennessee and Mississippi Democracy to lose these States to the Democratic party in the next national election, and thereby secure the triumph of the Radical party, some of whose leaders preach wholesale slaughter, and the rest of whose leaders would destroy the States and repeat upon the South the bitter curse of another partizan and bayonet reconstruction! Democrats, think of these things.

To say that the BLADE has counseled the negros of Memphis or Mississippi or anywhere else to slaughter the whites, is to state a wilful lie. The BLADE is no more anxious for the negros to kill the whites than it is for the whites to kill the negros. It desires above all things that both races should live together in harmony, not only there but every where. Its strongest condemnations have always been uttered against lawless life-taking, and it has certainly had abundant reason for denouncing the cowardly, murderous spirit prevailing in the South. But it has counseled negros to defend themself with arms, and it counsels every other man to do this whose rights and privileges are assailed by a mob. It is a duty which he owes to his GOD, his country and his manhood, to resist to the uttermost, even to the destruction of his assailants, any aggression of law-defying scoundrels upon his citizenship. Until the law abiding men of the South—both white and black—resolve upon such a course as this, there will be no peace, no progress, no happiness, no material prosperity for that section. They must meet force with a greater force; they must clutch the ring-leading miscreants by the throat and throttle them, and frighten their cowardly followers into tame submission to the law. There are plenty of good men in the South, but the grave charge against them is that they will not make themselves felt there as those in the North do. If the whites and blacks in the South who believe in order, good government, and the strict subordination of the vicious classes, should pluck up courage enough to carry those views into practice, they could easily suppress the Bulldozer, and with very little blood-letting. The moment the political assassins saw a disposition on the part of their victims to resist, that moment the reign of terrorism would cease. A half-dozen political bullies killed in succession in midnight raids upon negro cabins, and an assurance that that sort of thing would go on as long as bulldozing was continued, would make Ku Kluxism very unpopular.

It has been the lack of this—the dumb yielding of the better classes to the roughshod riding of the political rascals that has brought upon the South all the evils from which it has suffered. Had the men of morality, thrift and intelligence in the South—who are in the majority there as they are every where else in the world—asserted themselves as they should at the proper time, there would have been no trouble about slavery, there would never have been any attempt at secession, there would never have been any repudiation, nor bulldozing, nor the countless evils that followed the war. In the beginning of the century, the majority of the Southern people were, like the majority of the Northern people, opposed to slavery, and disposed to adopt such a course as would secure its gradual abolition, as the people of New York, New Jersey and other Northern States did.

There were fully as many and as respectable Abolitionists in proportion to the population in Maryland, Virginia, North Carolina and Georgia, as there were in New York and New Jersey,—there was precisely the same leaven of Quaker Abolitionists in North Carolina and Virginia as in Pennsylvania,—but south of Mason & Dixon's line the worser elements of the population were allowed to have control; the groundlings and the demagogues who played upon their passions and their prejudices, were in the ascendency, and permitted to retain it and shape public policy, which they did in favor of slavery; as the same classes in the North would, if allowed, shape public policy in favor of unrestrained whisky selling, gambling, lotteries, and other things inimical to the public good. In the same way there was as large a proportion of the people of the South opposed to Secession, as in the North. In both sections it was a relatively small mass of Democrats who really favored disrupting the Nation. But the people of the South let bands of political desperados in each State dragoon them into supporting Secession. The thing was simply humiliating to American manhood. Four out of five of the property-owning, law-abiding, intelligent men in every State in the South save South Carolina, were determinedly opposed to Secession, yet they did not have the courage to make their opinions prevail against the reckless, unscrupulous scoundrels, who were dragging them into a vortex which they dreaded and abhorred. Of all the men who played a prominent part on the Southern side during the war there are not to exceed a half dozen who will admit that they originally favored Secession. Every one will say that they were strongly opposed to it, but finally yielded when they saw the way the current was running. Even DICK TAYLOR, JEFF DAVIS'S brother-in-law, tells the same story. They remind one of the statement Col. BOUDINOT, a very intelligent Cherokee, makes of the social condition of the Indian Territory. There are there, say 30,000 Indians who are industrious, Christian, thrifty, and orderly. They build themselves nice houses, have churches and school houses, great stacks of grain and hay and large herds of cattle. In every respect they will compare favorably with a white community. But there are also from 10,000 to 20,000 "blanket Indians"—that is, reckless, lazy, drunken, thieving fellows, who scorn civilization and all its ways. They keep the civilizsd Indians in continual trouble, because the latter have something to strike at: houses to be burned, grain to be destroyed, cattle to run off, etc., while the "blanket" chaps have nothing but their worthless persons. The civilized Indians want a division of the lands, the formation of a State Government, and other appliances of civilized life, but none of them dares become conspicuous by his advocacy of this, since it would make him a mark for assassination, and his property for spoliation at the hands of the Blanket villians. This is a perfect reproduction of the condition of the South.

The remedy in both cases is the same: to crush out these tyrannous rascals by the strong hand of power. Since these fellows have appealed to the shot-gun answer them with the shot gun until they become amenable to other forms of argument. That weapon in the hands of law-abiding men is much more potent than when wielded by criminals and outlaws.

The better people of the South must make themselves sharply felt before there is any hope for improvement there. They have, heaven knows, had abundant evidence of the evils of the policy of acquiescence. The longer they continue to yield to the domination of these rascals the worse their condition becomes, and the more hopeless the prospect of relief from their thraldom. There is no truer aphorism than that

They who would be free
Themselves must strike the blow.

RUSSIA AND GERMANY.

Russia's rebuke to her newspapers which have been attacking Germany lately, bear a very skim milk appearance when the strict censorship of her press is considered. Yet it can hardly be possible that she would wish to get into serious difficulty with this powerful neighbor, when her internal affairs are in such a troubled state. But the Russian Government feels no strong affection for Germany, whatever course policy may dictate. It traces all of its home troubles, the restlessness of its people, and their their disposition to rebel from autocracy, to German influences. In the time of NICHOLAS the young men ran wild over ideas obtained from reading German authors, and these developed into the illy organized plot which that monarch put down with such an iron hand.

Though he succeeded in suppressing all outward expression of dissatisfaction, he could not check its growth, and it was the consciousness of the strength of these newly aroused desires for greater freedom that led ALEXANDER II. to publish the *ukase* which outwardly made freemen of the great body of serfs that constituted the larger part of the population. In reality he had no more intention of curtailing his own power, and establishing a more liberal form of government, than had his father. It was simply a yielding to the pressure of circumstances, which might otherwise combine to bring about the destruction of autocracy.

That this is true becomes evident from his course since taking the steps which called forth the commendation of the world. The serfs are to-day practically as much bound as they ever were. They belong to the land where they work, and can only become their own masters by paying a sum of money so far beyond the probability or possibility of possession by them, as to prevent effectually their taking any advantage of the far-famed *ukase*. At the same time the disappointment of the hopes then held out to them of a happy change in their condition rankles in their breasts, and, ignorant as they are, renders them restless and unsettled, ready whenever the Nihilist leaders so determine to rise in terrible rebellion against the powers that be. Were the Russian peasant other than he is, stolid and slow to anger, this would have happened ere this, finding as they have that the boasted gift of freedom was only a shadow which they cannot grasp.

That *Alexander* is determined to remain an autocrat is also shown by his fierce repression of everything tending to representative government. Repeated petitions begging a modification of existing forms, by which the people's will might be made known to their sovereign, have been presented only to cause the imprisonment and exile of the petitioners. The tyranny of to day is as great as in the old days, when none dared to speak other than as their master dictated. The great difference is in the spread of liberal ideas, and the settled determination of numbers to undo the Government, whatever the consequences. That the Czar and his ministers are well aware of this is evident, and it is not wonderful, in view of the fact that German ideas have been the root of all the tumult, that they look with no friendly eye upon Germany, even though they desire to remain upon amicable terms with that nation, from motives of self interest.

EVEN supposing for an instant that DIXON was killed in a private quarrel, what sort of a community must that be which does not destroy, but sets free and applauds a man who settles his personal quarrels by sneaking up behind his enemy and shooting him through the back?

PHYSICAL CULTURE NECESSARY.

The first week of the golden fruited Autumn is always marked by throngs of merry girls and boys who, with their burden of books and slates, are gaily marching to the school room to begin the year's labor of adding to their stock of knowledge and preparing for those days of which they dream glorious dreams when they shall go out into the world their own masters. The rosy cheeks, the bounding steps, and the gleesome laugh tell what the summer's rest has brought to them of health and strength. Glad and buoyant the majority return to study with eager zest and ambition to excel, eloquently expressed in their bright eyes and interested faces as they gather together after the long vacation.

This is all very pleasant to the lookers on. Each citizen feels a throb of exultation as he thinks of the advantages every boy and girl may enjoy in this country, through the public schools, no matter how poverty-stricken the parents may be There can be no reason, he thinks, why the United States should not be prosperous and powerful when her children are so well cared for,—when ignorance among her people must be self-chosen and should be exceptional, and intelligence the rule. He may well possess a just pride when he thinks what has been and what may be through the education of the masses.

In one thing, however, there is a failure. While every effort is put forth to provide for mind culture, too little thought is given to that of the body. In the anxiety of parents and teachers for the child's progress, the cramming process is indulged in wherever the pupil does not revolt, while the blood grows sluggish in the veins, the shoulders rounded, the chest narrowed and all elasticity from step and action disappears. The contrast in the appearance of scholars at the summer closing of school and the fall opening tells the story better than any words. With the abounding vitality of youth, most of them recuperate under the influence of fresh air, sunshine and exercise, but there should not be the marked physical change so generally evident. Where it does not result in time in disease, it checks physical and mental development to a degree that few people are prepared to admit.

In truth, physical culture both in our schools and out of them, is a necessity. The study of Physiology should be made practical and not, as now, simply theoretical. While the BLADE would not advocate anything that could diminish the usefulness of the schools, or encourage idleness, it would impress upon both parents and teachers the importance of making mental culture subservient to physical. Only in that way can these boys and girls develop into the highest type of men and women. Sound bodies are the best guarantees for useful and virtuous lives. This fact should be especially considered at this season of the year, when the school work is beginning. One such sad case as that in New York recently, resulting in the death of a beautiful girl of 20, from inflammation of the brain brought on by overstudy at the expense of her vital powers, is a sufficient commentary upon the general neglect of physical training prevalent all over the country, and the tendency to cram wherever a boy or girl desires or will consent to be crammed.

TESTIMONY FROM SOUTHERN SOURCES.

We have now to offer some evidence to the truth of "Andersonville," which is at least equal to any heretofore presented, since it comes from a man who was one of the guards around that infamous prison pen when the cruelties described were enacted. His regiment, the Third Georgia Reserves, will be remembered by all who were confined in Andersonville. Here is his letter:

To the Editor of the Toledo BLADE:

I have seen some letters in the BLADE written by an Andersonville prisoner, and as I was a witness to what they relate, I am compelled to testify to their truth. There is nothing on earth that could beat that place. I served as a guard there three months in 1864. I belonged to the Third Regiment Georgia Reserves. I have been Capt. Wirz put men in the stocks 24 hours because they attempted to escape. Some would die there. Some would beg for one minute's relief, but it was never granted them. I am compelled to say, though, that there were lots of good men among us, but there was no chance for us to do anything for the dying men. If we were caught only talking to a prisoner we were punished for it. Our Government could have done better for them if it had chosen. We had plenty of land and timber, and every poor soldier would have been glad to do their own work, rather than stay in prison without a single shelter. They were not even allowed wood enough to keep them warm. Sometimes, if a guard would volunteer, on his own time, he would be allowed to take two or three men out to get pine boughs to make them shelter.

Yours truly, WILLIAM MCMULLIN.
Hopewell, Colquitt Co., Ga., Aug. 28, 1879.

THE PRISONERS' RE-UNION.

I was a member of the 68th O. V. V. I., but not a prisoner, but I should like to attend the re-union at Toledo, as I know a great many of the unfortunate ones. I had a brother rot in the Andersonville pen. Will you please let me know the price and where I can get reduced rate tickets from Kansas City to Toledo and return for myself and wife? Or, if they won't let any one but prisoners have them, and how long will they be good for? I am a constant reader of the BLADE, and if you answer in the Correspondents' Column, just answer to the 68th Ohio.

LEWIS BUCHELE,
Cedar Vale, Chautauqua Co., Kan.

We will say to Comrade BUCHELE that he can get tickets at Kansas City, over the Wabash, which will carry him here and back to that City upon his paying the usual fare one way. We trust that he, and hundreds of other comrads in Kansas, will see their way to coming to Toledo to the re union, for we can assure them that they will have a most enjoyable time.

DEMOCRACY is the same everywhere. The editor of the Lexington (Ky.,) *Transcript*—one of the stanchest Democrats in Kentucky, grew so sensitive under the continual rasping that the new Governor is receiving upon his yellow fever record, that he called upon him to break his silence, and relieve the proud Commonwealth of which he is the Chief Executive, of the infamy contained in these accusations by "vindicating" himself. This, to an observer north of Mason and Dixon's line, seemed an eminently proper demand. If Dr. LUKE P. BLACKBURN is not guilty as charged he can readily set the whole matter at rest and cover his accusers with confusion. He should be glad of an opportunity to do so. But he was not. The evening after the appearance of the article in the *Transcript*, a meeting of the stockholders in the paper was held, and the editor was given his choice between two alternatives: Either to agree not to again call upon Dr. BLACKBURN to "vindicate" himself or to resign. He concluded to resign. The latitude was rather northerly for the use of the shot-gun, hence this method of suppressing a too independent Democrat.

For the BLADE.

A VERY GOOD SERMON.

The Experiences of an Occasional Church-goer.

BY WM. H. MAHER.

With great humility I confess that I am not a regular attendant at church. I have a very religious nature, thanks to the teachings of a pious mother, and if there were not so many other things to do on Sunday I would thoroughly enjoy going to church; but there seems to be more duties crowded into a Sunday morning than into any other day of the seven. I can recall a time when my highest enjoyment of the day was the long morning nap in which I indulged, but that was in the days when I was a bachelor. Now-a-days I have no naps. There are mornings when I forget my degradation and, selecting a cooler spot on the pillow, turn over for the second sleep, but I never proceed beyond that. Just as I ought to be going, going, my oldest child seats herself on my stomach with the force of a 60 pounder, and the next oldest tries by gouging out my eye to see if I am really asleep or not.

But ocasionally I do go to church. I am always glad after I have been there. I feel as if I had done my whole duty and was setting a good example to the rising generation. Of course it follows without need of saying that I am not a member of any church organization; I go where I please, but my preferences lead me where I can be sure of getting sound, or orthodox, doctrines. The country is going to the dogs at a rapid rate, and in my opinion loose religious principles are at the bottom of it all. Here's Ingersoll going up and down claiming there is no hell, and encouraging people to do as they please regardless of any hereafter! Look at the result—the Democrats control the Government, the Greenbackers continue to pester the Republicans. I am tired of wishy-washy preaching; give me mine strong and full of—well, of fire.

My being at church last Sunday, I confess, was somewhat accidental. I had just arranged my fishing rod so that it resembled a cane, and was starting towards Ten-mile Creek, when a boy brought me a note from the man I expected to accompany me, saying he could not go. It was too late to go back to bed, and I did not care to stay at home and take care of the baby, who, by the way, is teething, and consequently not amiable, so I turned towards church.

As a sentiment "the little church 'round the corner," is good, but practically the active christian prefers to cover as much ground with his edifice as possible, and to push it as high towards heaven as a fourth or fifth mortgage will permit. The church to which my steps led me had a solid look about it peculiarly agreeable in these unstable days. At the doors were beautifully polished pillars; shining in the sun, representing the pillars of—of—, but I omitted to inquire regarding this, and the only pillars that now occur to me are the pillars of salt. The vestibule reflected credit on the wood workers, and a long flight of stairs, like the spire, pointed towards heaven. Over all was the "dim, religious licht" of which poets speak

My soul was gradually becoming attuned to the spirit of the sacred place, and I said to myself, as I neared the inner door, "it is good to be here." Just then an usher came forward. I owe that young man an apology. I tender it to him here as publicly as possible. I do not blame him for turning from me and, taking two ladies in charge, I honor him for his christian forbearance in not ejecting me from the building. My excuse is that I was paralyzed with wonder and awe. The Psalmist requests us to "mark the perfect man," but with the best intentions in the world *to* mark him, I never saw him till that minute. And he wasn't in the singular number, either. There were four of him. I could do nothing but gaze and admire. Such perfect clothes! Such polished boots! Such immaculate linen! Such dainty bouquets! And, oh! such ex-quisite hair! All his excellencies were so many fingers pointing to his hair. Boots, bouquet and buttons all said: "Look above." I was in doubts if it was a man or an animated picture taken from some fashion-plate. By the time he came back, however, I had recovered myself and requested a seat back near the door. He took me within one seat of the front, but I could not blame him; if I was at the pains of getting myself up that he had been, I would take every stranger to the very pulpit-steps.

The piece was exquisitely rendered. I did not understand the words, and was wondering which of the Latin masses it was, when the young man near me whispered, "Pretty well done that." "What was it?" I asked. "Oh, some little fancy of their own. All I could make out was that the tenor said, 'Oh, my corn,' and the soprano and alto told him to 'pare it,' but they did well." I made up my mind it would be some time before I asked that young person another question.

At the conclusion of the music the preacher began services with a short prayer. Then followed the reading of a psalm, then a hymn by the choir, then came the bible reading, and in the midst of this the choir broke out in a way that was surprising. I had to ask the young man what it meant. "This is the 'Gloria,'" said he, and I was as wise as before. Tae way the members of that choir chased each other was edifying. But the soprano kept ahead and came out first best. We sat down and had more bible reading, and after this a long prayer.

I hold it to be poor, very poor manners to criticize a prayer. But I have often felt that some prayers were very like a weekly paper. The editor of the weekly has to take it for granted that none of his subscribers hears any news during the week, and consequently his paper must refer to everything of importance that has taken place. So with some of the long prayers; they thoroughly post up the Lord regarding his duty, and omit nothing. But I go to sleep easily, and long prayers never harmed me; I have none but the kindliest feelings for them.

At last I saw preparations for the sermon, and I took a comfortable position. But the preacher, it seemed, had some notices to read before giving his sermon. He began:

"Sabbath school will be held at the close of the services of this hour; the congregation are cordially invited to unite with us.

"Services may be expected in this house this evening at 8 o'clock.

"Young people's prayer meeting will be held at the Young Men's Christian Association rooms, and in the ladies parlors of this church this evening at a quarter after 7.

"Thursday evening meeting will be held as usual in the ladies' parlors.

"The working band will meet next Wednesday afternoon in the ladies' parlors to make up a box of embroideries for our missionaries in Turkey."

He stopped here, and I began to rejoice that this part of the exercises were over, when he seemed to have found more notices, and started in again with them.

"There will be a temperance lecture in White's Hall this afternoon at three o'clock by Col. Morse, of Bourbon, Ky., admission, 10 cents, to pay expenses.

This seemed to be the last of the notices, and I prepared to catch the text, but, no, there were more notices.

"Our City is to be visited the coming week by a delegation of ladies from abroad, who encourage the missionaries by reading poems and giving tableaux; this Church, with other orthodox churches, has been requested to contribute towards their entertainment. We have been allowed our choice between furnishing ice cream or pea nuts. The deacons, after mature deliberations, have decided upon pea nuts, and the congregation are requested to contribute for this object. The delegates are known to be fond of pea nuts, and require a great many to carry home to their children, so it is hoped we can provide all they may need."

There was a pause here. Surely, said I, (to myself) surely that is the end of this, but no, there was more of it.

"By thunder," whispered the young man at my side, "I'm going to get out of here; there's too many notices for me." But just then the minister began to read, and the young man sat still.

"The officers of the church have at great expense and labor imported young men as ushers who are the envy of the city; it is necessary if we would keep them that we do not wound their feelings. They have complained that some of the congregation use very common cologne, and threaten to leave us if this is not remedied."

"We have also a choir that is equalled by few and surpassed by none; their feelings are sensitive; they complain that members of the congregation do not look at them as they ought, and that perfect stillness is not commanded. Please remember these points, and—"

But tired nature overcame me—I went to sleep, I didn't wake up till the commercial traveler began to sing the doxology, and *that* would have awakened a dead man.

"How was the sermon?" I asked.

"Sermon? Oh, it was excellent; it was just ten minutess long."

"What was it about?" I asked, for I knew my wife would want to know.

"About? It wasn't long enough to go about anything. It was simply to emphasize the fact the peanuts must be fresh and well baked."

But I turned from him and read in the papers the next morning that it was a very good sermon.

MRS. DIXON'S STATEMENT.

The Wife of the Martyred Mississippian Defends His Memory—How He Was Publicly Thanked by Lamar, Singleton, and Other Democratic Leaders—He Was Addicted to Cards and Horse Racing!—The Murder a Political One—Dixon's Dying Statement—A Widow's Piteous Lament.

Vicksburg (Miss.) Herald (Dem.), August 29th.

Political animosity and personal hatred have at length accomplished their dire purpose. My husband was murdered in the streets of Yazoo City on the morning of the 10th by James A. Barksdale, Democratic candidate for the office of Chancery Clerk. Still, persecution and outrage are not yet spent; calumny and prejudice pursuing him even into his grave. Charges can not now harm the proud soul they were intended to crush. It stands in the presence of a higher tribunal. But above the storm of rage that is now sweeping over his family, may the voice of a wife be heard in behalf of the memory of the father of her six helpless little ones? Without proof, yet without remorse, have the epithets of liar, infidel, murderer, gambler, etc., been heaped upon him. That this was done by a body of men, no single one daring to offer the resolutions, but simply moving that what was laid on the table should be read (before the mass convention called by Dr. McCormick. Chairman of the Democratic Exectutive Committee, on Friday, August 15th, makes it none the less hurtful even though it left a brave man without the opportunity of manly defense. Of his enemies I expect neither justice nor mercy, but to his friends and to the public here and everywhere do I appeal that the memory of a brave man be not blackened for party purposes or private revenge. I can refute any slander ever produced against him, and it was the intention of him who was so ruthlessly and violently torn from the arms of his wife and little ones. This so called liar, infidel, murderer, gambler, etc., was the same whose name brave men wore proudly upon their bosoms in 1875, as indicating his leadership of them in the hour of his country's peril. Drawn up in rank and file on the streets of Yazoo City, my husband and his brave comrades received the commendation of Lamar, Singleton, George and others, for his courage and fidelity to his country. Fair and true women evinced their gratitude in souvenirs, poetry, music, etc., and in the illumination of our City which followed the political triumph of that time, his name blazed from the windows of our proudest homes. He was the man that people delighted to honor, and in proof of my assertion I have among his private papers letters from the best men of this State, commending his course. Yet the events which so glorified him at that time are now distorted by his enemies and discussed to his injury. From the murder, which is so elaborated in the scurrilous resolutions adopted in the mass convention, he was exonerated by the testimony of Col. Campbell, Capt. Wallace, W. A. Mangum, and others of equal intelligence. If the jury by whom he was acquitted lacked virtue and intelligence, as the Democratic resolutions declared, let the Sheriff and counsel for the prosecution whose duty it was to select proper jurymen, be responsible. In this present campaign, which has cost him his life, when charged with midnight meetings and incendiary influences upon the colored race, he repeatedly demanded an investigation of those charges, and challenged his accusers to produce any responsible man, white or black, to assert this upon his personal knowledge, and promising when they would do so, he would leave the country, never to return. In all his political meetings he invited the participation of his opponents and no one has ever been able to produce any argument or appeal from him calculated to bring about discord between the races. He was called the "man of violence." I leave it to the public to decide who were the men of violence during this campaign. When the mob of the 25th of July threatened his life and he was ordered like a thief and outlaw to leave his home and family, and these demands made in the presence of his family; the sanctuary of his home polluted by these lawless scenes, even over the cradle of his almost dying babe; was there from him or his friends one single act of violence or retaliation? Midnight assassins, in a band of 12 or 15 strong, gathered themselves in ambush on the public road, one mile from Yazoo City, to murder him on the night of his anticipated return to his home from a visit to some friends in the country. Did Henry Dixon or any of his friends retaliate by highway murder or any attempt so to do? And when the last heartrending scene of this dark tragedy was enacted, and my husband lay slaughtered in these streets, was there any attempt at revenge? If he had used incendiary influence upon the colored race, as was asserted in the Democratic resolutions, would not this have been the occasion for an outbreak of violence on the part of the colored people.

DIXON'S PRIVATE CHARACTER.

That he was addicted to cards I admit, as he was also fond of the turf. He had the means and leisure to indulge in these amusements, and to the injury of no one; they were at his own expense, and often in the society of his accusers. While these amusements are not to be commended, when before were such charges ever used for political capital, and by men who were equally culpable? Were this test applied to all who occupy the highest offices of our country, I fear our Congress halls and Senate chambers would lose some of their highest ornaments. He was a strictly temperate man, and no one had more regard and appreciation for the virtue and chastity of woman. As an enemy, he was bold and aggressive; as a friend, he was warm, affectionate, and true as steel. That he was not the outlaw portrayed by his political traducers, I refer to the fact that at his funeral was gathered a larger concourse of people than have ever assembled at this place to pay the last sad tribute of respect to the dead—widows and orphans, who always found in him a friend, stood over his pulseless form and wept that his generous heart could never again respond to their appeals. Strong men showed the tenderness of women when they came to look for the last time upon the form of him they had loved so well in life. He was the friend of the oppressed and unfortunate, and his heart and hand always open to the cry of the needy. Brave almost to rashness, he would have scorned to take advantage of his bitterest foe. Tender and chivalrous he was a friend to the weak and defenseless. When the bitter strife which rules the hour has passed away, then will justice be done to the memory of my murdered husband, even in Yazoo County.

For the sake of his broken-hearted wife and six fatherless children, may this day soon arrive.

UNSAFE TO EXPRESS.

That it is unsafe now for even his friends to express their natural sympathy for his cruel death, I quote an extract from the Yazoo City *Herald* of the 23d. In commenting upon his assassination it says:

"To men of the opposite party, we would say, bridle your tongues, curb your passions, and do the young man who escaped unharmed, even though four shots were fired by his opponent (these shots were fired by my husband after he was shot in the back, his right hand broken and mutilated, the pangs of death already upon him—of course the *young man* escaped unharmed), no injustice by false accusations concerning him one way or another. It will put no money in your pockets or bring honor to your homes."

When before were charity and sympathy for a murdered man and his family demanded to be suppressed for fear of doing harm or injury to his slayer? When the honor of men's homes and their purses are threatened to check the outpourings of sympathy for an unfortunate friend, or to prevent comment upon what they may think a deed of violence and wrong, then, indeed, are we no longer a free people. When the Czar of Russia, for state reasons, takes off the head of a Nihilist, he could scarcely do worse than to threaten the friends with dishonor and poverty for an expression of regret and sympathy. "It brings no honor to their homes." What does "dishonor to their homes" mean? Not poverty, for that is also a separate threat. "Who steals my purse steals trash; 'tis something, nothing. 'Twas mine, 'tis his, and has been slave to thousands; but he that filches my good name robs me of that which not enriches him, and makes me poor indeed."

THE MURDER POLITICAL.

Friends of my forefathers, friends of my youth, friends of my murdered husband, at the peril of your honor and your fortunes, dare not deplore or comment upon an act that took the life of a fond and husband father, a faithful and true friend. My ancestors lived and died among you without stain or reproach. I was born and reared on Yazoo soil, yet the sympathies of good men and women must be denied me and mine for fear of injuring the murderer of my husband. If this be not a political murder why is the *Herald* so particular to stifle public sentiment, and so eager to prejudge this case? When before was a citizen of any town shot down without warning, the case tried, and judgment rendered beforehand by the journals? And if this was not a political matter, why did the Democratic Convention make that significant appendage to their scurrilous resolutions, passed on the 15th of August, which reads as follows: "The names of two reliable men have been handed to the secretary of this meeting stating that threats of assassination have been made by H. M. Dixon against James Barksdale, Democratic candidate for Chancery Clerk." Pointing to this, my husband said to some of friends: "That means murder; I am to be assassinated; this is another way to prepare the public mind for it; I shall demand the author of this slander, hold him responsible; also inform James Barksdale I have never made such threats." All of which he swears in his dying testimony, under oath, and in view of eternity, to have done the day before he was murdered.

HIS LAST WORD "BIBLE."

My husband was an infidel, say his accusers, the Democratic Committee. No one of their falsehoods has less foundation than this. In the privacy of his home and in his serious moments did he always avow his firm belief in the Christian religion. While he was not a pious man, he was not a scoffer nor a skeptic. No man for his means contributed more largely to the support of the churches of this place than he. A few hours before his death he was baptized in the Catholic Church, and his last word was "Bible." When dying he forgave his murderers, saying: "I had rather been killed than to have killed any of them." And at his bedside knelt two Sisters of the Holy Order of Nazareth, and offered up prayers for the departing soul of him who during the epidemic of last year had nursed their priest and assisted in laying away their dead.

THE ANTE-MORTEM STATEMENT.

Immediately after the shooting of my husband, telegrams were hastily sent from this place by the Chairman and others of the Democratic Committee, stating that he was killed in a "street fight," "personal enc

Answers to Correspondents.

We are obliged to remind our readers that there are certain classes of questions which we cannot undertake to answer, viz:

1. Those not accompanied by the name of the writer. The name is not required for publication but only as an evidence of good faith. All letters not complying with this rule find their way at once into the waste-basket.

2. Mathematical problems, and questions in mathematical construction. We are willing to give all our readers an opportunity to ask and answer the former, but we have not the type necessary for publishing algebraic problems and figures.

3. Questions which in the judgment of the editor are not appropriate or proper for the columns of the BLADE. Hundreds of questions come to this department every week, and the editor must be allowed to exercise his discretion in making selections calculated to promote the general interest.

4. Inquiries as to the standing or reliability of individuals, firms, or corporations, doing a general business. The BLADE'S endorsement is too valuable to be bestowed indiscriminately, and it is not always possible for us to devote the time necessary to ascertain the standing of an individual or a firm located in a distant part of the country.

Correspondents whose inquiries are not answered within a reasonable time would do well to repeat them. If they still fail to receive an answer they are asked to believe that the questions remain unanswered for good and sufficient reasons.

We must request that subscribers will keep all communications for the business and editorial departments of the BLADE entirely separate and distinct, always upon separate leaves. Questions for this department should never be written on the same leaf with letters containing subscriptions or orders for books.

M. D., Freedom, Ills.: Anything addressed to Handy & Co., Zanesville, O., will reach the firm you name.

DR. B., Cheboygan, Mich.—There is no institution of the kind you name in this city, so far as we are aware.

J. N., Kellogg, Ia.: The Superintendent of the Census is Prof. Francis A. Walker, Yale College, New Haven, Conn.

J. C. C. Burgoon, O.: We do not handle any work on the subject named. Write to Ben. Pitman, Cincinnati, O.

J. B. C., Vigo, Ind.: As we understand the matter, members of the State Militia are not eligible to membership in the Grand Army of the Republic.

FRANK PHILBRICK, Bennington, Kan., desires to learn the postoffice address of Mr. Wm. G. Wright, formerly of Salem, Mass., Capt. of U. S. S. "Arietta."

MRS. MARTHA DUNLAP, Hopkinton, Ioa., would like the address of Capt. Frank Lynch, Company G, 37th O. V. V. I. When last heard from was in Cleveland, Ohio.

HENRY L. COULSON, Linneus, Mo., late of the 23d Missouri Vol. Infty., is anxious to obtain the postoffice address of Dr. Bluthart, late Assistant Surgeon of said Regiment.

MRS. J. C. S., Deselm, Ill.—The gentleman about whom you inquire was a former resident of Canada and was born in Vermont. We believe he never lived in West Virginia.

MRS. J. C. S., Deselm, Ill., wishes to learn the postoffice address of Andrew and Elijah Williams, formerly residents of West Virginia, and supposed to be still living in that State.

A. I. D., Deersfield, O.: We have sent you cataloague by mail. We bear complaints of the article you name, and hence under the circumstances, do not feel like recommending it.

J. S. WYER, Fairbanks, Ind., asks: "Will some of the readers of your excellent paper please inform the undersigned of the whereabouts of Malverd C. Tucker, late of Co. D, 1st Ind. Art'y"

WM. B. ANDERSON, Phillipsburg, Kan., writes: "I wish to obtain the address of Regimental Surgeon and commanding officers and members of Co. C, 27th Regt. O. V. I., at the date of Aug. 1, 1862."

MRS. MARTHA WILLIAMS, Clintonville, Pa., wishes some of the BLADE readers to give her the address of the officers or privates of Company E, 188th Regiment Pennsylvania Volunteers.

C. L. K., Valparaiso, Ind.: We do not handle the book you name. It is as good as any of its class, though doubtless used to some extent to advance the peculiar medical theories of its author.

JOHN LEED, Tonawanda, Ill., asks: "Can any one give me any information in regard to my brother and sister? When last heard from they were at the Orphans' Home in Chicago, in 1856. Their given names are forgotten."

A. M. MCN., Oakland, Ill., asks: "Does any reader of the BLADE know the whereabouts of Col. J. W. Noble, who commanded the First Iowa Cavalry? He will confer a great favor by dropping a card to A. M. McNoland, Oakland, Coles Co., Ill."

JOHN MURRAY, Biedensburg, Ioa., desires to obtain the address of any of the officers, noncommissioned officers or privates who served in Co. G, 64th Ohio V. V. I., or the Surgeon of the Regiment at the time of the muster out. Thinks his name was H. P. Anderson.

A. L., Cedar Vale, Kans.—Mica has a commercial value, although the market is somewhat limited. We doubt very seriously, however, whether there would be anything left after having hauled it fifty miles by wagon, and paid railway freight to an eastern market.

S. M., Lawler, Ioa.: The Greenbackers did not vote as a unit with either party during the last session of Congress, hence it is impossible to give their record in relation to the two principal parties. 2. The public debt was $3,357,305 less on the 1st of August than on the 1st of July.

E. S. M., Judson, Kans.—We certainly took the statements of the firm named as you did, in good faith. We could have no personal knowledge of the matter, since the manufacturers were located in a distant State. We regret very much that you have been disappointed, but do not see how we could help it.

WM. E. KELLEY, Bonada, Neb., writes: "I would like to obtain the address of any of the officers of the 58th O. V. I. who were at the battle of Chickasaw Bayou, December 29, 1862, particularly of Capt. Wm. H. Rhode (when last heard from he was in Tiffin, Ohio), or the Assistant Surgeon of the same, or of any of the private soldiers that were with the regiment during 1862-63.

P. L. P., North Weare, N. Y.: We believe the poems of the author you name have been published in book form, but as we do not handle them, we cannot give you the address of the publishers. It would seem as though the most direct and satisfactory way of ascertaining would be to write direct to the author himself. We have no data available for giving you his biography.

W. O. W., Boudin, Minn., asks: "Was David Davis a member of the Electoral Commission or not? 2. What were the names of the 15 that constituted that Board?"—1. He was not. 2. The members were Justices Clifford (President), Miller, Strong, Bradley and Field; Senators Edmunds, Morton, Frelinghuysen, Thurman and Bayard; and Representatives Payne, Hunton, Abbott, Hoar and Garfield.

A. G. F., Madison, Wis., asks: "Can you give me any figures showing the relative trade of Great Britain with other nations?"—According to the annual official trade report of Great Britain, the imports and exports of that country for the past two years have been as follows:

	1877.	1878.
Imports	£294,479,682	£287,984,699
Exports	202,546,120	245,644,944

The imports fell off last year about $132,000,000, and the exports about $36,000,000.

E. JF. GREENLAC, Rock Spring, Mo., asks: "How much per month was the soldier paid prior to the first issue of greenback money? 2. Were their wages raised after they had to take greenbacks for their pay? 3. How many electors does each State have? I wish to correspond with I. L. P., New Cambria, Kan. Will he send his full address as above?"—1. Thirteen dollars was the money pay of volunteers in the early part of the rebellion. 2. Yes. 3. As many as they have Senators and Representatives in Congress.

W. H. H., Corwin, Neb., asks: "1. Has the President yet signed the bill equalizing soldiers' bounties? Has it yet come into operation? 2. I enlisted in 1862, and was honorably discharged in 1863, receiving about $260 bounty. Under the act, if it has become a law, am I entitled to any additional bounty?"—1. No—Still over equalizing soldiers' bounties has not yet got between a few. 2. We cannot pretend to say whether you are entitled to any more bounty than you got nor for what length of time you enlisted, nor what were the pramis of your discharge.

R. B., Audubon Heights, Ioa., asks: "Was the remonetization of silver in harmony with the views of the Republican party? 2. Please give a statement of the amount of money in circulation in the United States at the present time. 3. Also the supposed population of the United States?"—It cannot be said that it was. The bill was vetoed by President Hayes, and vigorously opposed by a great many leading Republicans. 2. The total amount of paper currency outstanding, including legal tender notes, fractional currency, national bank notes, etc., is $676,614,262. 3. The population in 1870 was 38,558,371. Good judges estimate that the census of 1880 will show a population of not less than forty millions; possibly the figures may show an increase of ten millions.

W. S., Parkville, Mo., asks: "1. What countries comprise the Netherlands? 2. What countries comprise the Scandinavian States? 3. Why do we reject the Apocrypha from our Bible? 4. What is Queen Victoria's full name, and also Emperor William's of Prussia?"—1. The Netherlands, since the separation of Belgium, consists of eleven provinces, namely, North Brabant, Guelderland, North and South Holland, Zealand, Utrecht, Friesland, Overyssel, Groningen, Drenthe and Limburg. Connected with the kingdom in the person of the sovereign, though possessed of a separate administration, is the Grand Duchy of Luxemburg, included from 1815 to 1866 in the dissolved Germanic Confederation. 2. Scandinavia is the classic name for the great peninsula of North Europe which includes the countries of Sweden and Norway. 3. Because it bears internal evidences of being a forgery. 4. Victoria Alexandrina Guelph, and Wilhelm I.

S. S., Noblesville, Ind., writes: "I subscribed for an encyclopedia some time ago. Have received two volumes. It comes every two months. I find that it will be almost impossible for me to take it. Can the Company by law compel me to do so?"—If you made a contract with the Company to purchase their work in installments, and you gave your signature to such contract, they certainly can compel you to carry it out, just as you could compel them to do as they agreed, if they failed to comply with the conditions of the contract. If, however, you can show that there was any fraud or misrepresentation on the part of the Company, the case would be different. Of course, if you choose, you can refuse to receive the book, and let the Company run the risk of succeeding in an attempt at collecting it, but that is hardly business like or honorable. Better, if possible, make some arrangement with the agent.

G. W. B., Helen, Kans., asks: "1. To whom should one write to apply for an appointment to take the census of any specified part of a State or county? 2. How much territory will be allowed to each census taker? 3. How will the census-takers be paid, by the day, per capita, or otherwise? 4. Will the census-takers have to furnish blanks, etc., for themselves, or will they be supplied with blanks, etc., from the person from whom they received their appointment? 5. How will the Union be divided into districts? 6. Will each State or district be superintended by an Assistant Superintendent of Census? 7. Who is Superintendent of this State or district, and what is his address?"—1. To the Supervisor for your part of Kansas. According to the apportionment, Kansas is to be divided into three districts, each of which is to have a Supervisor. 2. This will depend very largely upon the density of the population, etc. Each Supervisor will apportion his territory to the best of his judgment. 3. It is proposed to pay so much for each name, so much for each factory or farm enrolled, etc. 4. The blanks and necessary papers will be furnished by the government. 5. We gave the list only a few weeks ago, in another portion of the paper, and we republish it in reply to a question from another correspondent. 6. Yes, by a Supervisor. 7. The Supervisors for the different States and portions of States have not yet been appointed.

G. W. W., Neutral City, Kan.—1. You can find the Apocrypha in our family Bible, as advertised in the BLADE. 2. The St. Louis bridge was begun in 1869, and finished, we believe, in 1874. The piers, four in number, are composed of granite and limestone, and rest on the bed rock of the river, to which they were sunk through the sand, in some cases as much as 100 feet, by the use of wrought iron caissons and atmospheric pressure. There is one span of 250 feet, and two spans of 515 feet each over the water way. The rise of the arches is 49 feet, sufficiently high to permit the passage of steamboats at all stages of water. The two roadways, one for railways and one for carriages, are supported by four arched trusses connected with each other by diagonal braces, and the top and bottom chords of each are composed of steel tubes, 16 inches in diameter. These tubes are made in sections of about 12 feet, and consist of steel staves banded and held together by jackets or hoops of the same material, the segments being connected with each other by steel thimbles or couplings accurately fitted and firmly secured over and about the joints. The width of the bridge is 54 feet, and the total cost, with the tunnel under the city of St. Louis by which access is gained to its western end, is about $10,000,000.

W. W., Peru, Ind., writes: "I see a publication in your last issue of the Weekly BLADE opposing persecution on account of the religious opinions and belief, in which I agree with you in full, I would be glad to know through the columns of your paper (being a constant reader and believer) your views upon the relation that really exists between a man and woman who have been married in accordance with the laws regulating the connubial ties, when one of the parties declares afterwards, through and by their actions and conversation, that they believe in a church doctrine that declares marriage (in the person's case, embracing such opinions) null and void; whether you believe that the party who finds themselves living with a person laboring under the foregoing Christian delusion (at the same time disbelieving such doctrine) does wrong or persecutes such a person, by making known through their actions and conversation the respect due such a belief or opinion, by treating them in every particular as if it was really so (as they were devotionally inclined to believe,) and at the same time expressing the contempt due such a belief (as taught by such a church, and many other as equally inconsistent views,) by denouncing the same publicly and privately, when made necessary and consistent to do so?"—As nearly as we comprehend the principal inquiry of our correspondent, we reply: A man and woman who have been legally married remain so till death or a properly legal tribunal dissolves the tie. There would be no harm in humoring the person who entertained such a delusion, provided it seemed to please him or her.

H. G. L., Montgomery, Mich., asks: "How will the apportionment of Representatives in Congress be affected by the next census?"—We give the estimate made by the *National Republican* of Washington, which is probably as accurate as any which could be made in advance. Taking the country by geographical groups, it is estimated that the Northeastern States lose 7 members: New York 2, and Maine, New Hampshire, Vermont, Rhode Island, and Maryland 1 each, leaving a representation of 93 members. The Central Northern States gain 6, being 1 in Ohio and gaining 1 in Wisconsin and 2 each in Illinois and Michigan, making a total representation of 75 members. The Northwestern States gain 12: 2 in Nebraska, 3 in Minnesota, 4 in Iowa, and 4 in Kansas, giving them a representation of 30 members. The Pacific States gain 2, 1 each in California and Nevada, giving them 6 members. The Southern States lose 7, Texas and Missouri each gaining 3, Virginia, North and South Carolina, Georgia, Florida, Mississippi, Tennessee, Kentucky, and Arkansas each losing 1, and Alabama and Louisiana each losing 2, leaving them a total representation of 93 members. This calculation is so carefully within bounds that the actual difference is much more likely to be greater than less in favor of the relative preponderance of the Northern and Northwestern States. It is based upon a probable population in 1880 of between 49,000,000 and 47,000,000, while Mr. Elliott, one of our ablest statisticians, estimates in the Statistical Atlas of the United States the probable population as exceeding 50,000,000. Should this be the case the loss of the Northeastern States will not exceed 6 members, while the Central Northern States will be likely to gain 9, instead of 6, and the Northwest 16, instead of 12, and the South must lose 12, instead of 7, the balance the account. In that event the representation of the several groups will stand Constitutions as follows:

	No. of States.	Rep's.	Per ct.
Northeastern States	11	93	29
Central Northern States	4	75	23½
Northwestern States	5	30	9½
Pacific States	3	6	2
Southern States	14	93	29
Totals	37	325	100

W. B. H., Indian Hill, W. Va., asks: "Was there to be a superintendent or Supervisor from each State? If so, what was his name, or was each Supervisor's district to be a State? 2. What was the duties of Superintendent? 3. Was the duties of Supervisors? 4. Was the Superintendent to be appointed by the President? 5. Was the Supervisors to be appointed by the President? 6. Was the Superintendent to be appointed by the Governor of each State? 7. Was the Supervisors to be appointed by the Governor of each State? 8. Was the Supervisors to be appointed by the Governor of each State? 9. Was the Supervisors to be appointed by the Governor of each State?

THE WEEKLY BLADE.

TOLEDO BLADE CO., Pubrs.

TOLEDO, O., THURSDAY, SEPT. 11, 1879.

THE TOLEDO BLADE.

Terms—Postage Paid:

Single copy, per year, $2.00, and at the same rate for a shorter time. Clubs of five, per year, $1.75 each. Clubs of ten and over, $1.65 each, and an extra copy to the getter up of a Club of ten or more.

ON TRIAL.—Five copies, three months, $2.50, and an extra copy, three months, with the Club.

SPECIMEN COPIES—Sent free to any address. Send for one, and at the same time give us the addresses of a dozen or so of your friends at as many different Postoffices, to whom we will send copies free and postage paid. Send for our Special Circular to Agents. Address,

THE BLADE,
TOLEDO, OHIO.

Circulation this week, 89,780

It is not an impossible thing to print and circulate a large number of papers. The main question for the advertiser is, "Do these papers have any influence after they are circulated?" The best evidence ever given as to the value of the Weekly BLADE to the general advertiser is furnished by advertisers themselves, and the more extended and careful the test, the more emphatic and unqualified the evidence. We have printed in this connection numerous letters from our advertisers, and now add another of recent date from a firm not unknown to our readers:

"Publishers Toledo Blade:

"GENTLEMEN—During two years past we have advertised our pocket cutlery in the leading journals of the country, using great care in selecting only such mediums as would place us before the best class of readers. Last Spring we placed an advertisement in the Weekly BLADE, and have been surprised at the ready response from its readers. Perhaps the most remarkable thing in our experience with the BLADE is that our advertisement in its columns has not only brought a large number of single orders from all parts of the Union, but it has also elicited a great many inquiries from merchants and other dealers whom, least of all, we had expected to reach through the BLADE. We can say unhesitatingly regarding our experience in your columns, that no other investment ever brought us so many and such quick returns. Hereafter the BLADE will head our list of advertising mediums and will always be included in our list of papers employed. Respectfully yours,

MAHER & GROSH.

Toledo, O., Sept. 6th, 1879.

SEND for a BLADE book catalogue.

MCGREGOR *News:* A revenue cutter—Ye clipper of coupons.

EXPERTS say that in the New York Convention the BLAINE boom was louder than the SHERMAN one.

THE New York Republicans are settling down to united and vigorous work to elect their State ticket, and victory is sure.

DID the loss of Gen. RICE'S leg in a good cause necessarily make it impossible for him to be ever afterward engaged in a bad cause?

VICE PRESIDENT WHEELER is a fair specimen of a stalwart. Contact with the Confederate Brigadiers in the Senate developed his backbone.

CINCINNATI *Enquirer*,—"What!" exclaimed Prof. LINCK, "Mrs. SPRAGUE escaped! Py goodness, I go right avay kvick und write a card."

SEN. LAMAR is preparing a great speech to be delivered within a few days. He will doubtless allude to the Yazoo affair as a somewhat disagreeable irregularity.

PEOPLE'S ideas of the worth of work seems to differ widely. The bids in Washington a few days ago for plastering the Custom House in Chicago ranged from $16,426, to $50,000.

HON. ALEX. STEPHENS, of Georgia, has positively declined to come here and stump for EWING. He may be a hopeless invalid himself, but he feels that he is not nearly so sick as the Ohio Democracy is.

PARTON boasts that he wrote the lives of WASHINGTON and BEN. BUTLER without changing his pen. Yes, and we have known a pig to banquet on golden grain and on decaying slops without changing his pen.

G. WASHINGTON CHILDS wrote a touching obituary for NELLIE GRANT, but, unfortunately for G. WASHINGTON, NELLIE didn't die, and the "pome" will have to be held over for some other mournful occasion.

MURDERER BARKSDALE says in his own defense that he was provoked to do as he did by DIXON habitually alluding to him in conversation as "that cowardly son-of-a—." DIXON'S description seems to have been accurate, to say the least.

THE most liberal offer ever made is that which is given elsewhere—a good book and a copy of the Weekly BLADE one year for only $1.75.

THE Albany *Journal* speaks the sentiments of the New York Republicans:

The nomination of this ticket means the best work and the best energies which the Republican organization knows. We shall force the fighting along the whole line. We shall make the State blaze with discussion and activity. We shall make the campaign the most vigorous, as the election is the most important, of years. The momentary disappointments will disappear, and the supreme necessity of saving the Government from Rebel hands will bind patriots together. The people are not ready to turn the Republic over to those who fought to destroy it, and they will realize that the battle is now. *That battle we shall win.*

FOUR men will be hanged in Pennsylvania Nov. 14, for killing a man whose existence was in the way of their gaining the $10,000 for which they had insured his life. About the same time the people of Yazoo County, Miss., will elect to office some similar murderers who killed a man for standing in the way of their getting places by which they could make $10,000 or more the first year. States Rights means that nobody shall be allowed to interfere with the consummation of the outrage. Democracy says that while it may be well enough to hang men for committing murder with the object of plundering a life insurance company, those who murder with the object of plundering the people shall be applauded and rewarded with the offices they seek.

CURRENT EVENTS.

Among the new financial schemes which come from Washington are those of Treasurer GILFILLAN, who is making renewed efforts to pay out the large sums of silver which are constantly accumulating in the Treasury. There are now, it is stated, over $30,000,000 of silver coin in store in the Treasury and the amount is steadily increasing. It is now in order for some of the would be financiers who cried aloud so vigorously for the remonetization of silver to step forward and provide a method whereby the Government may get this money into the hands of the people and not have it returned the next day.

EX-GOV. FENTON called on the President Monday with reference to the report of the Bimetallic Commission to Europe. He is of the opinion that the outlook for the general adoption of a bimetallic standard is much more promising now than when the Commission finished its labors. A portion of the fund appropriated at the last session of Congress for the promotion of an understanding between this country and some of the leading commercial states of Europe still remains at the disposal of the Secretary of State, and it is not improbable that, although the life of the Commission has expired, the conference may be resumed in some form before the meeting of Congress. The report of the Commission has been published and is ready for distribution.

A WASHINGTON dispatch announces that the transfer book of registered bonds, United States four per cent. loan, will remain closed the present month preparatory to the payment of the October interest. Registered four per cent. bondholders whose names appear on the books of the department number about 70,000.

The London *Times* of Sept. 2d, in a review of the Fisheries question, which is supposed to be inspired from official sources, takes the ground that the rights of American vessels to the fishing in British waters and all other supplemental questions, should meet with a final and conclusive settlement by appropriate diplomatic action.

Reports from the Maine election of Monday, speak a most glorious victory for the Republican party under circumstances where defeat would have seemed unavoidable. The Republicans elect a Governor and the remainder of the State ticket and will have a majority in both houses of the Legislature. This has been accomplished against an adverse majority last year of 13,000, the present vote footing up a plurality of more than 20,000 over the Greenback and 40,000 over the Democratic candidate for Governor. An amendment to the State Constitution, providing for biennial sessions of the Legislature, is probably carried.

The Republicans of New York held their State Convention at Saratoga on the 3d inst., SEN. CONKLING serving as temporary Chairman, and Vice President WHEELER as permanent President. A. B. CORNELL, of New York, former Appraiser of Merchandise of that City was nominated for Governor on the first ballot, a victory for CONKLING and his adherents. The Convention as a whole was remarkably harmonious, and the Republicans of New York enter the canvass virtually as a unit. The remainder of the ticket is: for Lieutenant Governor, Geo. G. Hoskins; for Secretary of State, Joseph B. Carr; for Controller, Jas. W. Wadsworth; for Treasurer, Hamilton Ward; for State Engineer, Howard Soule.

A striking contrast to the solid front presented by the Republicans of New York, is found in the present attitude of the Democracy of that State who are threated with a hopeless split over the re nomination of Gov. ROBINSON. The Tammany Democrats have formally declared that if ROBINSON is nominated they will leave the convention in a body. The Anti-Tammany wing of the party affect to make light of this threat, and as they now have the upper hand in the present party organization, will doubtless persist in carrying out the program they have laid down. The convention was to be held at Syracuse yesterday (Wednesday).

The California State election was held on Wednesday, Sept. 3d. Reports from the interior are too meager and scattered to admit of giving any definite statement of results at this writing. With a few minor exceptions, however, the Republicans have elected the entire State ticket, and have achieved a most substantial victory. We give elsewhere the substance of the dispatches received up to the time of going to press.

The trial of HENRY GULLY and others for the murder of Judge CHISHOLM and his son and daughter, begun at DeKalb, Miss. last week. Large crowds are in attendance, and the most intense excitement prevails. Our dispatches express the belief that the conviction of GULLY will result in a riot and possibly in further bloodshed.

INDEFINITELY POSTPONED.

We regret to say that it has been decided not to hold the contemplated reunion of survivors of Southern Prisons, which was set for Toledo, the 1st and 2d of October. This will no doubt be a great disappointment for many, as thousands of old soldiers had indicated their intention of coming, and several very prominent speakers had promised to be present. Had the reunion been held as at first contemplated, there is no doubt that it would have been one of the grandest soldier meetings that the country has seen since the war. But there are very few surviving prisoners in Toledo, and a number of things have combined to make them unwilling to assume individually the great expense and labor which such a reunion would involve. They were therefore, in justice to their families and to the interests of their employers, compelled—very reluctantly—to forego that which would have given them, as well as their comrades, unstinted pleasure. We are very sorry that the affair, which promised so admirably, should come to this lame and impotent conclusion.

AN exchange says that Prof. SWING wants to call his evening discourse a "sermonetta" to show that he will fire off no big guns. A good many of the morning sermons in other places and pulpits might with propriety use this diminutive.

NOT one book out of a thousand in all the orders filled by us fails to give satisfaction.

THE SARATOGA CONVENTION.

While the work of the Republican convention at Saratoga was in some sense a disappointment to a large class of the best Republicans, such disappointment is more apparent than real—more superficial than deeply felt. When we say the best Republicans we mean that great majority of the party whose attachment to it has no questionable ingredients of self-seeking, no thought of personal profit or honor, but is based solely on belief that it is a great engine for the public good, and as such entitled to their active support and sympathy. Consequently, it is evident that to gain and keep the active support and sympathy of these men, it is necessary to keep them convinced that the party's aims and acts are always animated by these high motives, and it is not being turned into a mere machine for the elevation into profitable places of selfish men who prostitute the name Republican to their own sordid purposes. In New York the line has been drawn very sharply between those Republicans who have expectations of personal advantage from the party's success, and those who have none,—that is, what is usually termed the "machine", and the rank and file of the party. Of late years there has been considerable discord between the two, as there has been all over the country. The rank and file, incensed at the arrogance, the selfishness and unscrupulousness of the professional politicians at the head of whom stood Sen. CONKLING, have shown such a lack of interest in the party's success as has allowed the victory of the Democracy. It was believed—by many hoped for—that this was the beginning of a movement which must end in the overthrow and utter humiliation of Sen. CONKLING and the rest of the so-called machine politicians. Certainly this result would follow if the rank-and-file persisted in lukewarmness which shaded off into active hostility. There could be no leaders where men refused to follow; "machine" men could not hold office, when the bulk, or any considerable number of the party, preferred defeat to seeing them elected. Had there been no special public exigency this would have been a wholesome condition of affairs, as the lesson taught the politicians would have been a most salutary one.

But very many of those who had hoped that the ascendency of CONKLING and his followers had been destroyed, was painfully disappointed at seeing that faction win what seemed to be a complete victory. There is really no reason for such a disappointment. It is not that there has been any change in the estimation of these men by those who have of late rejected them, but that there has risen such an imperative need for harmony between all divisions of the party as has made it unpatriotic to cherish these discensions. It is not that this year that portion of the party led by GEORGE WILLIAM CURTIS thinks any more highly of Mr. CONKLING, his supporters and political methods than it did last year, but that it feels its dissesteem of them would be an unworthy passion if indulged in at the expense of Republican ascendency at this time, when Republican ascendancy means the salvation of the country. Little as they may like these gentlemen and their ways they like the Democrats and their ways infinitely less. The domination of CONKLING and his clique may have rated upon some of their finer sensibilities, but the domination of the Democracy and the Confederate Brigadiers threatens destruction to all they most love and cherish. Like wise and patriotic men they forgot minor differences and united willingly with all who would go into line against the common enemy. Nothing but the harmonious action of the whole Republican party would avail to save the country from the disasters that will attend Democratic ascendency. They went into convention expecting to make such concessions as would secure this unity. They would make an effort for the leadership of the party, but failing in that yield a hearty support to the victors, whoever they might be. The superior discipline of the CONKLING wing carried off the palm, and this was immediately and gracefully recognized by the leaders of the opposition. The convention's proceedings were marked by entire harmony, and the ticket nominated will receive the earnest support of all the Republicans in the State, and when this is done victory is certain. The country is to be congratulated over the wise and conciliatory spirit that prevailed at the gathering.

MAINE ELECTION.

THE result in Maine is partly due to the reaction which invariably follows an attempt to improve upon the Republican party. That those who control the Republican party's course commit errors must be admitted by all; that there are too many sordid self-seekers among its politicians and place hunters is, unfortunately, too true; that the party policy occasionally falls short of the reasonable expectations of the best class of people is beyond denial, but after we make all these admissions to the fullest of their lamentable extent, we still find that there is such an almost limitless margin of superiority in the party and its deeds as a whole to anything that can be possibly set in opposition, that comparison is preposterous. This every people and community find out who make the grave mistake of exchanging the supremacy of the Republican party for that of any other. There has never been an instance where that step has not been deeply regreted by those who made it. There has never been an instance where the overthrow of the Republican party has not resulted in serious harm to the public service, in the induction into office of an inferior grade of officers, and a degradation of the quality of the work performed for the community. It usually takes but one term of office to show the people this, and hence we see that the victories of the opposition are so short-lived, and that the people hasten to restore the Republicans to power. There is not a State in the North—save Indiana—where one term of Democratic rule has not so disgusted the people with the experiment that they made haste to oust the "Reformers" whom they had so recently installed in power. In Indiana the corrupt elements have perfected their combination so well as to defy the indignation of the disgusted people. Last year Maine tried the experiment of a Reform. The result has been the usual one, and the disgust of the people is expressed by the largest Republican majority polled since the war.

IT used to be "as goes Maine so goes the Union," and it will be that in this case

SPELLING REFORM.

The Chicago *Tribune* has taken the lead in the practical furtherance of the Spelling Reform, which we trust will be adopted by every other paper in the land. On the 1st inst., the Editor-in-Chief—Hon. JOSEP MEDILL—issued an order which laid down the rules for the spelling which was to be adopted in all departments of the paper, and which must be observed by every one employed in the office—editors, reporters, proof-readers and compositors. The following are the main features of these rules:

The *ue* is to be dropt from demagog, dialog, catalog, and all that class of words.

Me to be omitted from program, gram, and similar words.

The final *te* to be dropt from such words as cigaret, etiquet, coquet, etc., except Gazette, when it is the name of a newspaper.

The final *e* to be always dropt when it is clearly unnecessary, and especially in such words as definit, hypocrit, opposit, and their derivatives, such as definitly, oppositness.

The unnecessary *m* and *s* to be dropt from all such words as dilema, asasin, etc.

F to replace *ph* in all such words as fantom, fantasy, alfabet, difthong, and their compounds.

While all these improvements are really so and should be generally adopted, we think that while Mr. MEDILL was about it he should have made his changes conform more closely to those recommended by the Filological Section of the American Social Science Association, which provided a platform upon which all Spelling Reformers could stand, and unite their energies toward making a break upon the stupid conservatism which resists all attemps to inaugurate the desired reform in orthografy. These changes are as follows:

SPELLING RULES OF THE AMERICAN FILOLOGICAL ASSOCIATION.

1. Use "e" for "ea" when the short sound of "e" is intended, as welth, helth.
2. Omit silent "e" after a short vowel, as hav, giv, liv.
3. Use "f" for "ph," as fantom, filosofer.
4. Omit one letter from final double consonants, as shal, wil.
5. Use "t" instead of "ed" when it represents the sound, as wisht, prest, rusht.
6. Omit the silent letters in thru, tho, altho, etc.

Very many people everywhere have adopted these recommendations in all their correspondence, and all that the reform lacks of becoming a universal thing is a little assistance from the press and school teachers of the land. Both these elements of power show a disposition to embrace this movement. There is not a convention of school teachers but what the new spelling is brought up, discussed, and favorably considered, while the spirit of reform in the press is shown in the favor which is extended to such suggestions of improvement, and in the elimination of unnecessary letters from certain words. Each newspaper has a list of words which it makes a rule shall be spelled in the simplest manner, and it is constantly increasing this list. Very many of the Eastern papers, for instance, have dropt the *ue* from catalogue, and they will no doubt soon do the same with dialogue, and then that whole class of words will follow. Let the good work go on.

PESSIMISTIC VIEW OF GERMANY.

A sad picture is given of the religious condition of Germany by a writer in the last number of the *Contemporary Review*. He is inclined to ascribe all the recent troubles of that country to this cause. A Catholic himself he traces to the neglect of that denomination to provide for the higher education of the people the gradual dying out of its influence in public affairs. The Protestants outnumbered them three to one everywhere, but the disproportion in the higher schools and universities is much greater, being one Catholic to five Protestants. He deprecates the religious line of separation kept up by the Roman clergy—a line which is extended into the social life with a care equally rigid.

As far, however, as the religious living of the people is concerned, the writer says they are divided into two distinct classes—those who are full of superstition and they who merely observe a few of the outward forms without any feeling whatever. The churches of both Catholics and Protestants are empty. In some large Districts neither men or women ever partake of the sacraments; in fact, all over Germany there is great carelessness about religious matters among all classes of population, but with the educated the most absolute indifference about them exists generally. Family worship is a thing for the most part unknown, and children receive no home religious culture. The largest business of the shops is done on Sundays.

While the Protestants possess the greatest amount of intelligence, the Catholics are more thoroughly organized. They have the most effective machinery, but all their efforts are directed to strengthening the Ultramontane party. They govern their people with a rod of iron but do not try to make them any better citizens. The Protestants on the other hand are divided among themselves, and constant wrangling is the result.

As may be understood, the writer, who is a prominent lawyer and a member of the Old Catholic body, views the condition of Germany with apprehension. He sees very little to hope for in the near future because neither Protestants or Catholics comprehend the situation, nor do they look beyond the immediate present. Meanwhile social and political troubles are constantly growing worse, and demand the most careful treatment.

MISSING ADDRESSES.

We regret to be obliged again to advertise a number of our subscribers, who have failed to give their full address in making remittances for subscription. The list includes the following names:

S. P. Vaughn, no postoffice, no State, no date. 50 cents.

No name, Hartland, Mich., August 25, 50 cents.

J. A. McGregor, Freeland, no State, August 22, 50 cents.

N. Rein, no postoffice, no State, August 23, 25 cents.

T. E. Kellogg, no postoffice, no State, August 12, $2.

A. Arnold, Postmaster, Yorkville, no State, August 4, $1.20.

S. D. Ford, Allen, no State, August 11, 30 cents.

P. C. Morton, Postmaster, Allenwood, no State, August 8, $1.80.

A. Kimmery, Clayton, no State, August 1, $1.

J. N. Hale, July 28, no P. O., no State, 40c.

J. W. Faucett, July 19, no P. O., no State, 25c.

L. B. Lyon, P. M., Black Creek, July 7th, no State, 20c.

No name, July 7th, Summer Hill, Illinois, $1.

A. C. Mitchell, June 6, Hamburg, no State, 30c.

J. W. Byers, June 17, New Haven, no State, 20 cts.

W. F. Tripp, June 25, Westport, no State, 30c.

J. Nair, June 28, no P. O., no State, 30c.

O. L. Davis, June 25, no P. O., no State, 25 cts.

Mrs. L. Miller, no date, no P. O., no State, 60c.

J. H. Smith, no date, no P. O., no State, 60c.

WE offer the best family Bible in the United States for the money

VICE PRESIDENT WHEELER'S SPEECH.

Vice President WHEELER has a well-earned reputation for taking the calmest and most comprehensive views of the situation of any of the New York political leaders. His great sagacity is conceded by all, and while in the House of Representatives he was the acknowledged though silent leader of the Republican party there. Since his term of office as Vice President began his rulings have been marked by such judicial fairness as left neither side any cause for complaint. There was nothing in presidency of the Senate to indicate whether he was Republican or Democrat. But he finds his time to define his position come when he attended the Convention at Saratoga as a delegate. There he came out in a speech so able, so vigorous and so stalwart as to awaken the surprise and admiration of all who heard him. Taken in connection with the character of the man, considering his moderation, his use of temperate speech, his calm survey of all the elements of the struggle, it is the most startling picture of the crisis now confronting us that has been made during the present campaign. He said among other things:

To-day we are here confronting the consequences of the magnanimity of the Government, and of its wasted and despised efforts to conciliate its late armed assailants. In the light of recent events, it is not hyperbole to inquire, Was the surrender of Appomattox a wretched hollow truce, patched up to enable the Rebellion to choose a new line of assault upon the Union, and was the mushroom Confederacy proclaimed at Montgomery really a failure, or are the founders and ideas to become the living, controlling forces of the country?

The spirit which defied the authority and sought to destroy the unity of the republic, has again taken living form in a solid South, supported by the whole power of the party North, which in 1861 declared that the Constitution had left the Government powerless in the face of an armed enemy, which with valorous spirit, but fainting flesh, pledged itself to resist coercion into blood, and which when our victorious legions had prepared the winding-sheet of the rebellion, in its National Convention assembled, resolved the war a failure.

Stripped of all guise the two great parties of the country are again ranged on either side of the line of demarkation of the powers of the National Government and the States. Wherein now differs the issue from that made us in 1861? Then the Democratic party demanded of Pres. Lincoln that he should perjure himself in his official oath, or they would overthrow the Government by armed force. Lincoln answered in his inaugural: "You have no oath registered in heaven to destroy the Government, while I have the most solemn one to preserve, protect and defend it."

After a most scathing review of the revolutionarry attempts of the arrogant majority in Congress to destroy the powers and prerogatives of the Executive Department, Mr. WHEELER went on to say, with the calmess of assured conviction:

"The Democratic party lacks now only the Executive Department to control the Government. The Congress has already passed to the absolute rule of the overmastering Southern section of the party which, by a more than two-thirds majority, chosen always for its conspicuous fidelity to the Rebellion, dictates the action of its Northern followers. It is of this Democratic party I am speaking to-day, which, despite all the debate upon the question of Northern or Southern responsibility for the initiation of any given measure of governmental policy, can alone control, and does fix the final impress and give it effect.

This ascendency in the House of Representatives has been gained by clutching the increase of representation given by the XIVth Article of Amendment to the Constitution; meanwhile exhausting the catalogue of crimes to defraud the class who form teh basis of that increase of the benefit which should accrue to them, and by thus arrogating to themselves double the legislative power to which they are entitled, curtailing the just influence of other States in the making of laws, and the administration of the Government.

In the insolence of power thus gained, the Democratic party becomes defiant in its denial of the right of the Government to defend itself by regulating the national elections, or by enforcing its statutes for the protection of the citizens, either by the military or even the civil authority. It denies the Government any participation in the control of proceedings which affect the "common defense" and the "general welfare." Anarchy may reign supreme on the day of an election, involving the interests of the whole people, but the Government has no power to suppress it.

Denying with deadly determination, as just now at Yazoo, even the right of candidacy to one differing from the dominant majority, this solid South asserts its rights in a carnival of rifles, shot-guns, masks, red-shirts and tissue-ballots, to elect its own Congress, which shall enact the laws—revenue, commercial, financial and others—affecting and binding the persons and property of the whole country. Such is the party, which intrenched in Congress and a solid South, proclaims its purpose to turn back the finger on the dial, and to reverse the legislation of the Nation for the last 18 years.

"WIDOW BEDOTT," NASBY'S COMEDY.

Twenty-seven years ago, Miss MIRIAM BERRY, of Whitesboro, New York, wrote a series of papers under the name of "Widow Bedott," which all the readers of this paper over fifty years of age will remember. They were the most cutting satires ever written, and, we doubt not will so continue. They enjoyed a widespread circulation and are read to-day with as much interest as ever.

It occurred many years ago, to Mr. LOCKE, that the character of the Widow should be put upon the stage, and he dramatized Miss BERRY'S book, but an unexpected trouble occurred. No comedy actress was found willing to take the character of the ancient husband-hunting widow, for the simple reason that there is in it a complete abnegation of what most actresses prize, youth and beauty. Two years ago that difficulty was removed.

Mr. NEIL BURGESS, of Boston, an actor of wonderful ability, had made middle-aged women a specialty. He possesses all the requisites for this peculiar line of acting. His face, figure and voice are precisely adapted to this style of personations, and besides he has made it a careful study for years. "Widow Bedott" was found.

The play was produced first in Providence, R. I., and achieved a remarkable success. Afterward it was played in Philadelphia, Baltimore, Washington, Cincinnati and Chicago, and in each City it was pronounced by press and public the dramatic success of the year. Crowded houses greeted it everywhere, and it became in a remarkably short time the sensation of the day.

Mr. BURGESS is, unquestionably, the greatest character comedian of this generation. He makes of the widow precisely what the author intended, a Yankee virago of 45, determined upon a second husband, and bending everything to that one end. His make up is simply wonderful, and so completely does he enter into the spirit of the character that no one, not previously warned, would suppose for a moment that it was a man masquerading as a woman. His performance of the character has been pronounced to be the most natural and life-like portraiture of the American stage, and the crowds who witness it scream with laughter from the rising of the curtain to its going down. It is a pure, clean and most enjoyable entertainment.

The route of Mr. BURGESS' company will be regularly announced in our advertising columns, hereafter.

NASBY.

Mr. Nasby Gives His Opinion of the Difference Between Democratic Methods North and South.

CONFEDRIT X ROADS,
(Wich is in the State uv Kentucky,
September 8, 1879.

I never wuz so impressed with the superiority uv the Southern mind over the Northern, ez I hev bin sence readin the account uv the killin uv Dixon by Barksdale. There is several ways uv doin the same thing, and the wise man alluz takes the shortest and most direct.

I wuz in Noo York doorin the rane uv the great Tweed, and am not too proud to say that I wuz a recipient uv his bounty. In fact the only sense uv hoomiliashen I hev is thet I didn't git more uv it, and that doorin that golden era I didn't git enuff to smooth my pathway to the toom. I shood hev pervided enuff, the incum uv which wood hev furnished me with my likker for life, trustin to a confidin public and the onsartin resources uv chance for my board and cloze. But I didn't, and am sufferin in my old age in consekence uv my thotlisnis.

Tweed hed his own way uv controllin his party. It wuz simple and direct but very expensive and bothersome. When a dimmekrat kicked out uv the traces, and sot up for hisself, the great Tweed simply bought him up. It wuz a question uv how much money he wanted, and that sum, big or little, he got, and got it to wunst. The words that wuz oftenest in Tweed's mouth wuz, "how much?" and ef the man wuz wuth it he got it and no questions askt.

I made a very nice thing uv it in the latter days uv that great statesman, by bustin out in rebellion at ward meetings and bein paid for quietin down.

In the South the statesmen uv the Dimekratic party hes other methods, wich are still more simple and direct. They don't buy rebellious Dimekrats, for the sufficient reason that ontil the Southern war clames are paid by the Fedrel Goverment, and Southern soljers are penshund, they aint got no money to buy with. Perhaps when that Pactolian streem shel flow over the kentry, they will lose the Spartan simplicity that caracterizes uv em now, and become ez corrupt ez Tweed, but they are willin to risk it.

However poor a Suthern statesman may be he is never too poor to own a double barreled shot-gun, and to buy a charge uv powder and buck-shot. With this their out-fit is complete, and they hev all the persuaders they want. Now let a Dimocrat kick, or let a man run ez an Independent, ez Dixon wuz a goin to do. They don't go to him with money, or offers of place, or preferment ez Tweed did. They don't send Committees to reason with him; nor do they hold jint discussions with him. No indeed. The Central Committee merely meets and resolves that he is a incenjary and a disturber. He is then expectid to pack up his traps and git. Possibly he may be a bold, recklis man and won't git. Then his fate is onto his own head. They don't like to do it, but a stern sense uv dooty impels em.

The best shot with a shot-gun among 'em wipes out his gun, lookin admirinly at the notches on the stock that mark the number uv incenjaries and disturbers that it hez removed, and loads both barrels carefully with buck-shot. He takes a drink or two more than yoosual, to stiddy his nerves, and walks camly out, and gits behind the corner uv the grocery to wich he knows the disturber will come for his regler sustainer. Cockin the gun he camly awaits his approach.

The wretched man comes santerin along. Uv course he knows that he is to be gone for, ef he hez lived in the kentry any time at all, but he never knows from wat quarter the shivelrus shot is to be fired. He is about to enter the door, when the fatal report is heard, and he falls to the earth, a corpse.

The shivelry after scein that the incenjary is dead goes camly to the nearest Justis uv the Peece, the other nominees on the regler tikkit go his bale, the court and bondsmen go and take suthin, and it is done. The kentry is saved wunst more, and there is no further opposishun to the Dimocrisy in that County.

There is many pints in favor uv the Southern method. Ef yoo buy a man, ez Tweed did, he is perpetooally expectin to be bot over and over. A man with a charge uv buck-shot thro his liver, aint a gittin up to hev more charges uv buck-shot put thro him, but he is finished and the job is completid to-wunst. The harmony in the party perdoosed by this heroic treetment is final and lastin, so far ez this world is conserned.

Loadid with lead and fairly under ground a man aint wuth very much ez a orginizer uv opposishun.

I do approve uv Tweed's yoose uv likker ez a politikle forse in pollytix, but that wood be impossible in Mississippi. In Noo York, likker is looked upon ez a luxury—in Mississippi ez a necessity. Besides, ez we don't pay tax on any that we manufakter, it is too cheep to be really a means uv influoensin votes. In Noo York wher it wuz 10 cents a drink it wuz suthin to hev a candidate to pay for it. Down here wher it is only about that much a gallon, and a jug uv it can be found in the humblist cabin, it is not so much of a objik.

There is no question that the South hez a politikle system eggsackly adaptid to it. The shot-gun is the reel power in the land, and ez long ez we kin hold the kentry free from the contaminashen uv skools and sich, it'lluz will be.

PETROLEUM V. NASBY,
(Reel Dimekrat.)

BOOKS RECEIVED.

The BLADE takes pleasure in acknowledging the receipt of the following new publications through the house of T. J. Brown, Eager & Co., Toledo:

MORE WAYS THAN ONE, a story for the young, by Alice Perry; 484 pages, tinted paper, price, $1.50.

FANTASMA AND OTHER POEMS, 318 pages, price, ——. Ramsey, Millett & Hudson, Kansas City, Mo.

THE VOICE OF WORSHIP, a collection of Music for Choirs, Singing, Schools and Musical Conventions; by L. O. Emerson; 304 pages, price, $1.00. Oliver Ditson & Co., New York.

THE GREAT SPEECHES AND ORATIONS OF DANIEL WEBSTER, with an essay on Daniel Webster as a master of English style, by Edwin P. Whipple; 772 pages, octavo, two steel portraits, price, $3.00.

Josh Billings has been giving advice to choir singers. He says: "When you sing a solow, shake the artafishals off your bunnets, and when you come to a high tone, brace yourself back a little, twist your head to one side; and open your mouth the widest on that side; shet the eye on the same side a triphle, and then put in for dear life." For the rest, he seems to think that 'gigging' comprehends the chief if not the whole duty of the choir."

LA CREME DES CHRONIQUES.

What the Alleged Wits of Paris Find to Say in Their Newspapers.

"Prisoner, you have committed a frightful murder—at 17 you have perpetrated an atrocious crime which ranks you with the Troppmanns, the Billoirs"—

The prisoner (modestly)—Sorr, ye flather me.

* * *

The most remarkable of recent opinions concerning divorce—(by a woman, of course):

"Divorce is all very well in its way, but I prefer widowhood—it's surer!"

* * *

Paul proposes to his latest flame a little jaunt in Switzerland.

"What is there in Switzerland?" asks the ingenuous fair.

"What is there in Switzerland?" echos her lover; "why there is the most wonderful scenery in the world—lofty mountain peaks tipped with rosy snow, and verdurous vales, and sleeping lakes, and"—

"Oh, shoot thy sleeping lakes (*Oh, fais fusiller tes lacs dormants*)—take me somewhere where there are shops to buy things at!"

* * *

R., who has been married two years, was telling his friends how his wife's father only consented to their marriage on receiving a promise that the husband would turn over a new leaf and never set foot inside Mabille again.

"And you have never been there since your marriage?"

"Never—that is, never unless I had the old man with me!"

* * *

A coacher launches his horse on a passer who has not the time to warn himself, rolls beneath the vehicle and rests flattened on the pavement.

Naturally this obstacle human imprints a violent shock to the vehicle.

The coacher descends from his seat, furious, the fists clenched, and after one avalanche of swears formidable.

"The animal," he cries to himself, "when I think that he has failed to make me overturn!"

* * *

Dr. L—— is cautiously treating a sick man, concerning the nature of whose disease he is quite in the dark.

"Well," he says to the nurse, on making his usual morning visit, "how do we find ourselves to-day? Did he sleep well? Did the medicine act?"

"Yes, sir, he slept, but I left the gas burning, turned down very low."

"Ah, he slept well, did he? I thought he would. And you left the gas burning—turned down very low? Very good, very good; all is going very nicely." And he takes his hat.

"What, Doctor! Have you no instructions—no prescriptions—nothing?"

The Doctor (sagely, and after mature deliberation—"Yes; keep the gas burning—turned down very low."

* * *

When France declared war Von Moltke was very sick. On learning the news late at night King Wilhelm drove to the General's house and had him awakened.

"War is declared," said the King.

"With whom?" said the General, raising himself on one elbow and half opening one eye.

"With France."

"Look in the third portfolio on the left hand shelf," said Von Moltke, and turning over went to sleep again.

[This beautiful lie from the *Figaro* has been copied in the English papers in all seriousness. In point of fact Moltke was quite well at the time, and, as Bismarck has recorded, only seemed likely to fall sick when the Hohenzollen candidacy for the Spanish throne was abandoned and peace seemed imminent. The *Figaro* story is founded on this incident: King William, being reluctant to enter upon a war the result of which seemed doubtful, said to Moltke, who had shown him a portfolio containing the plan for an invasion of France, "But what if Bavaria and the South German States do not join us?" For all answer Moltke took down two other portfolios, one containing the plan for a French campaign with South Germany neutral and the other for a similar campaign with South Germany allied with France, provision having been made for every contingency that could arise.]

Mark Twain on Juvenile Pugilists.

"Yes, I've had a good many fights in my time," said old John Parky, tenderly manipulating his dismantled nose, "and its kind of queer too, for when I was a boy the old man was always telling me better. He was a good old man and hated fighting. When I would come home with my nose bleeding, or with my face scratched up, he used to call me out in the woodshed, and in a sorrowful and discouraged way say: So, Johnny, you've had another fight, hey? How many times have I got to tell you wicked and disgraceful and wicked it is for boys to fight? It was only yesterday that I talked to you an hour about the sin of fighting, and here you've been at it again. Who was it with this time? With Tom my Kelly, hey? Don't you know any better than to fight a boy that weighs twenty pounds more than you do, besides being two years older? Aint you got a spark of sense about ye? I can see plainly that you are determined to break your poor father's heart by your reckless conduct. What ails your finger? Tommy bit it! Drat the little fool! Didn't ye know enough to keep your finger out of his mouth? Was trying to jerk his teeth off, hey? Won't you never learn to quit foolin' 'round a boy's mouth with yer fingers? You're bound to disgrace us all by such wretched behavior. You re determined never to be nobody. Did you ever hear of Isaac Watts—that wrote, 'Let dogs delight to bark and bite'—sticking his fingers in a boy's mouth to get em bit, like a fool? I'm clean discouraged with ye. Why didn't ye go for his nose, the way Jonathan Edwards and George Washington, and Daniel Webster used to do, when they were boys? Could'n cause he had ye down? That's a purty story to tell me. It does beat all that you can't learn how Socrates and William Penn used to gouge when they was under, after the hours and hours I have spent in telling you about those great men? It seems to me sometimes as if I should have to give you up in despair. It is an awful trial to me to have a boy that don't pay any attention to good example, or to what I say. What. You pulled out three or four handsful of hair? H'm! Did he squirm any? Now, if you'd a give him one or two in the eye—but as I've told you many a time, fighting is poor business. Won't you—for your father's sake—won't you promise to try and remember that? H'm! Johnny, how did it—ahem—which licked?"

"You licked him? Sho' Really? Well, now, I hadn't any idea you could lick Tommy Kelly! I don't believe John Bunyan, at 10 years old, could have done it. Johnny, my boy, you can't think how I hate to have you fighting every day or two. I would not have him lick you for five, no not for $10. Now, sonny, go right in and wash up, and tell your mother to put a rag on your finger. And, Johnny, don't let me hear of your fighting again!"

What Scares a Woman.

From Puck.

Notice a woman when she receives a telegram. How it does scare her! She trembles like a dish of jelly, and imagines all sorts of things. Her husband has fallen down the hatchway at his warehouse. Her Johnny has gone out sailing and is drowned. Her sister Mary has been scalded to death. Nothing short of a fatal accident quite fills the bill of her imagination. When she finally summons courage to tear open the envelop, she finds a message from her husband warning her that he will bring a customer home to dinner, and she immediately calls her children together and instructs them not to ask twice for raspberries, as there's just enough to go around, and give the visitor a few extra.

Modern Works of Art.

New Orleans Picayune.

The chromo that comes with a package of tea is less a work of art than is the stuff called tea.

A GRAND OFFER.

A Good Book Free

To Every Subscriber Under This Offer.

CLASS I.

The following list contains an assortment of good books on all subjects, only one or at most two of each title being offered. The books are all as good as new, and retail everywhere at from $1.00 to $1.25 per volume. We will send any book POST PAID at one-half the price annexed, or we will send any book in the list and the BLADE one year on receipt of $1.75, thus giving the subscriber a copy of the paper at CLUB RATES, and a book of his own selection FREE. Since orders are likely to be large, subscribers are requested in all cases to designate a second choice. Selections will have preference in the order in which they are received:

CHRISTUS, a Mystery, by H. W. Longfellow, one of the great poet's finest works; 299 pages, tinted paper, price $1.

ZETHAR, the Celestial Visitant, a poem

RISEN FROM THE GRAVE.

Continued from First Page.

perpetually fail to understand one another."

SIXTH EXTRACT.

"The morning after the ball:

"It is done and over. Society has beaten Lady Janet. I have neither patience nor time to write at length of it. We leave for Plymouth by the afternoon express.

"We were rather late in arriving at the ball. The magnificent rooms were filling fast. Walking through them with my wife, she drew my attention to a circumstance which I had not noticed at that time. 'Julian,' she said, 'look round among the ladies, and tell me if you see any thing strange.' As I looked round she had begun playing a waltz. I observed that a few people only passed by us to the dancing room. I noticed next that of those few fewer still were young. At last it burst upon me. With certain exceptions (so rare as to prove the rule), there were no young girls at Lady Janet's ball. I took Mercy at once back to the reception-room. Lady Janet's face showed that she too was aware of what had happened. The guests were still arriving. We received the men and their wives, the men and their mothers, the men and their grandmothers—but, in place of their unmarried daughters, elaborate excuses, offered with a shameless politeness wonderful to see. Yes! This was how the matrons in high life had got over the difficulty of meeting Mrs. Julian Gray at Lady Janet's house.

"Let me do strict Justice to every one. The ladies who were present showed the needful respect for their hostess. They did their duty—no, overdid it, is perhaps the better phrase.

"I really had no adequate idea of the coarseness and rudeness which have filtered their way through society in these later times until I saw the reception accorded to my wife. The days of prudery and prejudice are days gone by. Excessive amiability and excessive liberality are the two favorite assumptions of the modern generation. To see the women expressing their liberal forgetfulness of my wife's misfortunes, and the men their amiable anxiety to encourage her husband; to hear the same set phrases repeated in every room—'So charmed to make your acquaintance, Mrs. Gray,' so much obliged to dear Lady Janet for giving us this opportunity!—Julian, old man, what a beautiful creature! I envy you: upon my honor, I envy you!'—to receive this sort of welcome, emphasized by obtrusive hand-shakings, sometimes actually by downright kissings of my wife; and then to look round and see that not one in thirty of these very people had brought their unmarried daughters to the ball, was, I honestly believe, to see civilized human nature in its basest conceivable aspect. The New World may have its disappointments in store for us, but it can not possibly show us any spectacle so abject as the spectacle which we witnessed last night at my aunt's ball.

"Lady Janet marked her sense of the proceeding adopted by her guests by leaving them to themselves. Her guests remained and supped heartily notwithstanding. They all knew by experience that there were no stale dishes and no cheap wines at Mablethorpe House. They drank to the end of the bottle, and they ate to the last truffle in the dish.

"Mercy and I had an interview with my aunt up stairs before we left. I felt it necessary to state plainly my resolution to leave England. The scene that followed was so painful that I can not prevail on myself to return to it in these pages. My wife is reconciled to our departure; and Lady Janet accompanies us as far as Plymouth—these are the results. No words can express my sense of relief now that it is all settled. The sorrow I shall carry away with me from the shores of England will be the sorrow of parting with dear, warm-hearted Lady Janet. At her age it is a parting for life.

"So closes my connection with my own country. While I have Mercy by my side I face the unknown future certain of carrying my happiness with me, go where I may. We shall find five hundred adventurers like ourselves, when we join the emigrantship, for whom their native land has no occupation and no home. Gentlemen of the Statistical Department, add two more to the number of social failures produced by England in the year of our Lord eighteen hundred and seventy one—Julian Gray and Mercy Merrick."

THE END.

HALL'S Vegetable Sicilian Hair Renewer is the most reliable article in use for restoring gray hair to its original color and promoting its growth.

Lightning Strikes a Printing Office.

The papers in the Eastern cities have recently amused themselves with a description of the handsomest entertainment given at a restaurant in Chestnut street, in Philadelphia, the compositors of the daily morning papers, at the unusual hour of 4 in the morning. The entertainers were two compositors on the Philadelphia *Morning Record*, who were fortunate enough to have an investment of $1 in the celebrated Louisiana State Lottery, on August 12th, rewarded with a prize of Fifteen Thousand Dollars. Such incidents are quite common with those who write to M. A. Dauphin, P. O. Box 692, New Orleans, La., or same person at No. 319 Broadway, New York.

The Holman Liver Pad.

It is well known that in all malarious climates the stomach and liver suffer most seriously from the accumulation of malarial poison. Of all the various remedies that have been offered for the diseases of these organs, none has attracted the attention or proved so universally popular as the Holman Liver and Stomach Pad. Its excellence and general good qualities have stimulated the production of a half score of imitations, but it is well for the public to bear in mind that the Holman is the original article, and as such has established its claims to the preference of people who are suffering from the diseases for which it is intended.

C. E. Livingston, M. D.,

One of our most prominent physicians, makes a specialty of catarrh, lung, stomach, liver, kidney and blood diseases. The Doctor's great success in all chronic diseases has given him a world wide reputation, and all persons afflicted with chronic diseases who have received no help from their own physician should send for his list of references. He is no advertising quack, as the names of our best citizens which are attached to his testimonials will show. Send stamp for circular and references of patients cured. C. E. Livingston, M. D., 215 Superior street, Toledo, Ohio.

Not a Beverage.

"They are not a beverage, but a medicine, with curative properties of the highest degree, containing no poisonous drugs. They do not tear down an already debilitated system, but build it up. One bottle contains more hops, that is, more real hop strength, than a barrel of ordinary beer. Every druggist in Rochester sells them, and the physicians prescribe them."—Rochester Evening Express on Hop Bitters.

The Robbins Family Washer and Bleacher.

Manufactured by the Bissell Manufacturing Company, 50 Barclay street, New York, is the best thing we have ever seen for saving labor and wear and tear. It is simple in its construction and operation, and with it anybody can do a hard day's washing with very little or no actual labor. The Bissell Co., who we know to be an honorable firm, are sending the Washers all all over the country, by the thousand. They give perfect satisfaction. See their advertisement.

Suffering Woman.

Dr. Livingston's Abdominal Support, a sure cure for all uterine displacements, will be sent to any lady by mail, securely packed, postage paid, on receipt of $8.00. Every afflicted lady should send for descriptive circular and references. C. E. Livingston, M. D., 215 Superior street, Toledo, Ohio.

HEARING RESTORED.—Great invention by one who was deaf for 20 years. Send stamp for particulars. WEAKLEY & BOSOFF, Lock Box 452, Cincinnati, O.

Correspondence.

For the Blade.

MAKING THE MOST OF ONESELF.

Occupation for Women.

Before the question of education for the majority of women to-day, comes that of a childhood, or at least of support while they acquire cultivation. If some benevolent genius could put into the hands of every woman past girlhood the certain means of making a living without crushing or degrading labor, the happiness of the sex would be insured for the future. Neither the gifts of attraction, of intellectual force, or political power, would be of such wide and universal blessing as this homely one of making a living. The first boon it bestowed would be to make every woman independent, and cut loose many soul-wearing ties and deliver from much bondage out of the house of wealth as well as of poverty. It would gratify the tastes which starve in women's souls forever, and giving them pleasant surroundings and fit dress, make them attractive by these influences. It would be the key to education of the best sort, that experience which trains the observation and judgment better than books, while for power, it would either bring them the franchise, or leave them better off without it. I long since ceased to have much interest in the question of woman's suffrage, seeing how little the ballot has done or can do for the ranks of men, where the poor, the timid and the submissive are as much at the mercy of the rich and the resolute as the serfs were at the will of their feudal lord. The ballot is not going to do everything for women when they get it, any more than it has done for the freedmen of Louisiana. As long as the world lasts, it will probably be a struggle between the strong and weak, the simple and the clever, in which the weak must supplement their feebleness by subtlety and prove that wisdom is better than strength. And pray, to make the argument short, why should woman wait and fret for the right to vote when the right to make money and gain influence has never been questioned or denied them, and money and influence can control a hundred votes against their puny one which they lament. The ballot does so much for the Fall River cotton-spinners, and the railroad strikers and the Kansas Grangers! Better a clever woman, who can use her head and hands and tongue without farther privilege, than any of these.

The very first factor in the way to success in this world is to be willing to work. Ten thousand women echo "willing to work," and rise to the opportunity. But willing to work, how? In the way that wins reward—to work at the thing which presents itself, which is needed and will be paid for, to work at it heart and soul, with the best that is in one, without much pity for flesh and nerves, taking out of oneself all the body can endure. Unless fortune was sent as a direct curse, as it sometimes is, you will find in the history of every successful man or woman who sprang from small beginnings, that they won by just such heart-breaking work at some longer or shorter stage of their way. It is written of success in this world, as of the kingdom of heaven, that you shall find it when you search for it with all your heart. Fortune does not give her favors, she sells them, runs the French proverb, and I suppose, were the choice open to the world, to gain wealth and success by the very same struggle and self-denial which great men have used, nine-tenths would shake their head at the trial, and draw back preferring their poverty and their listlessness.

To make this change and bring it down to a practical thing, or the hundred women who have written me for employment lately, everyone has pleaded her willingness, her anxiety to do anything possible to earn money. Can they get copying to do? Can they write children's books? Can they learn to paint china, and knit fancy stitches, and embroider cashmere, or be lady helps or housekeepers with a servant or two under them to do the work and a salary of $20 a month and board. They are willing beyond anything to accept such positions. There are such places, perhaps 10 a year, but they require something beyond the skill of raw girls and inexperienced women to fill them. You will find the widows of congressmen and college professors, women who have ruled handsome houses and gone through the arduous training which fits a woman for society, glad to accept such fortunate windfalls. Perhaps the woman who writes wants copying? Can she take a dry lawyer's plea, in scrabbed handwriting which the author himself cannot always make out, decipher, correct and punctuate it, and turn off 50 folios a day ready for the boy to take to the court room by 9 o'clock next morning, without blot or error? I see dozens of women undertake it and have their work flung back to be done over by some one else. I see pretty pink faces grow aghast at the idea of so much work in a day. "Why I *can't* do so much—it's impossible—I should be tired to death, and I want to go to the theater to-night with Edwin, who has got tickets—it's too much," and the commission goes to one of the few women who understand the work, who will take it and work till midnight over it and get up at 5 next morning and finish it. I know one girl of 25 who is making a success of copying. She trained herself by years of practice as book keeper in her father's grocery in an inland town, then by a year of practice in a copying office. She was trained in business habits, well educated, clear headed and practical. She had money of her own enough to open a copying office of her own near City Hall, in the region of lawyers and architects, from whom much of such work comes, and the first year made $1,200, expenses and a few hundred clear. She could have doubled it, but for the impossibility of getting suitably trained copyists to help. She speaks her opinion of women workers freely.

"An architect wishes to close a contract," she said. "The papers are wanted in a hurry, 200 pages of specifications in two days. I send out for help to Packard's Business College, to the Fair banks' and other copying offices, and they send me a dozen of the best copyists they have. The first page is spoiled, ruling wrong, words misspelled, or mistaken, or transposed, paragraphs not divided, sense confounded. Now in a business paper, to be read speedily, these errors won't do. I should have the whole thing sent back on my hands. Out of 20 women, I won't find one that will do to set at the work. And no matter what the hurry, or how much consequence to anyone, you can't find one willing to do an extra hours' work, even for extra pay. She must go home, for her sister is going to a party and wants her to do her hair, or her lover is coming, or she has a new book to read, and at six o'clock, off she goes, while I stay behind and work till midnight and go home alone, across the ferry and two miles beyond. Not one of them can be made to realize that the papers may make a difference of thousands of dollars to the architect, or if she does, that his interests are worth consideration beside her convenience.

This woman has a right to talk. I have stayed after my own day's work was done, and played the type-writer for over some of those wearisome specifications till the nine o'clock train, and left her with the sheets flying from her nimble fingers, expecting to go home alone in the bitter March midnight, and six weeks ago, some hurried work coming in, with no help attainable, she wrote 80 folios of 100 words each by 8 o'clock at night, and then did 40 pages more before four next morning. *That* is the way women work who make successes nowadays. Could you do that, without making a mistake in the 120 pages, re-read, bind and address, ready for delivery, and be at your desk again by nine next morning for work? I speak from sore experience of copyists, when I say that in 90 cases out of a hundred, the very correctness is unattainable, or if it is, there is the pace of a tortoise to recommend it.

Or, take that coveted profession which seems so lady-like and creditable, journalism. Perhaps you would like the position of some lady editors, with their tiny offices and desks with brackets and pictures and ivy in the window, and the salary—if you were very useful—of $25 a week. But you could not stay at home for a headache, mind you, or for the weather, or spoiled gowns, and you would have to write on such topics as pleased the management of the paper, praising some cheap merchant's dull lot of goods, writing those dreadful "special notices," holidays and opening seasons, and big advertisements, doing driblets of fashion and frivolity, when you want to have your say about the new book, or the new charity or something delightful and congenial. How would you like writing those advertisements of Soothing Cordial, and Golden Goose Grease which fill the corners, and write them by the column, to secure variety for every day. Or, you would leave that for one of the small reporters, would you? Just let me tell you that it is an art to write these notices which nobody ever consciously reads, and that the best pens in the office are commanded for it. How would you like sitting at a dull desk over such congenial business, from ten in the morning till seven at night without lunch or leaving the room—even if the head writer of the paper, an English University graduate sat two yards off sharing the same interesting task with you? How would you like to win esteem in the office as Miss Hutchinson won ners at the *N. Y. Tribune* by reporting three columns in one day's work, 20 foolscap pages of close writing, if not more, besides listening to every dry speech in a Convention, and noting the sense or nonsense of it? Perhaps you'd like to sit as Mrs. Booth, the editor of *Harper's Bazar*, has done for 10 years, in her little office in the Franklin Square building, where the jar of the steam engine and the clatter of the presses throb every moment like the din of a factory, where the outlook is into a dismal court, with a high wall opposite, when in steady work, without missing a day from sickness, or hardly a fortnight's holiday, she sat for seven years, while her black hair turned to gray and then to white, with confinement and application, while her eyes were yet dark and piercing with the vigor of full womanhood. You call your housekeeping and home duties dull and confining. Let me assure you that there is a dullness of the office desk and of the stage dressing-room, a drudgery of so-called "intellectual labor," that is quite as trying, and narrowing in its way. You would doubtless like Patti's bracelets and Patti's ducats and applause, but you would not like to be kept at your music from morning till night, from the time you were eight years old as Adelina Patti was, in Tenth street, when a little gipsy fond of roaming in the street, and crying over the hated piano. Very likely it's true as you say, that you could not endure the application. Feather heads and untrained nerves cannot endure it of a sudden. It requires a will, and physical strength to support the strain, to achieve the training required for modern success, whether as a village dressmaker, or boarding-house keeper, a singer, artist or writer. What Prof. Huxley said to the graduates of University College, London, is as true of women as of men, that "endurance is the most valuable quality of all; for industry does not come to much if a feeble frame did not respond to the desire.

It may be everything to be able to work 16 hours a day for as long as needful without knocking up. Were a good fairy to offer to equip a son of mine for practical life, I should say, 'I do not care to trouble you for more cleverness; put in as much industry as you can instead; and oh, if you please, a broad, deep chest and a stomach of whose existence he shall never know anything."

But with good will, a weak frame can be strengthened and made to hold out to its work. If the rare hundredth woman is listening, who, to gain her share in life, is willing to work her heart out, as the saying is, what shall she do to make the most money and get the best living?

THE AUTHOR OF UGLY GIRL PAPERS.

LETTER FROM BUCKEYE.

Passing Events—California—The New York Nominations—Maine—The Case of a Methodist Preacher—Mr. Welch—A Raid on Moonshiners in Washington—The Buzzard Dollar.

Correspondence of the BLADE.

WASHINGTON, Sept. 4, 1879.

We have entered on a series of important political events the results of which must have a large influence in determining the ultimate destiny of the country. Yesterday was the election in California. On the same day the New York Republicans met to name the officers with which they propose to carry the State in November. On Monday the people of Maine decide the question of supremacy in that backslidden State. And a month latter the verdict of Ohio will be rendered, to be followed in November by that of New York. Every Republican regards these events as largely controlling the future well-being of the country. It cannot be disguised that our political affairs are more intensely sectional now than at any time since the war, and, if we read the future through the past, it would seem as if were drifting rapidly into another era of civil strife. The South means to rule the Nation and its methods put out of the question all ideas of justice or liberty. The North can escape from this desperate rule only by a "strong pull, a long pull and a pull altogether," and unless she makes that kind of a pull this Fall and demonstrates her old strength, and force it is almost certain that she will be chained hand and foot by a despotism which she has herself fostered into active life.

The result in California is hardly to be read through the meager returns received to-day, but still they have a "promise of good things to come." The New York convention was composed of some of the strongest and most patriotic men in the Republican party and there was never a better spirit in any great convention. The speech of Vice President Wheeler has taken the country by surprise. Everybody is talking about it here and there can be no doubt that it has struck the key-note of the campaign. The nomination of Mr. Cornell is not a compliment to the administration, and there is no doubt that the Washington leaders would have preferred some other candidate. Mr. Cornell was removed from the New York Custom House under circumstances which seemed to imply a censure on his public conduct, and his nomination by the New York Republicans may perhaps be construed as a rebuke. But the feeling here, as in the Convention, is that he must be elected; and whoever expects that the Government will stand aloof from the Republican party of the great State of New York, will be wonderfully mistaken. The overwhelming and long continued applause which greeted Mr. Wheeler's reference to the vetos and the applause which greeted the appearance of Mr. Curtis, show that the Republican party does not mean to be distracted by past contentions. Mr. Cornell is the son of the distinguished founder of New York's most celebrated University, is a vigorous and able organizer, a thorough Republican, a man of conceded ability, and had a majority of the Convention on the first ballot. If he is the "machine" candidate, it ought to be understood that the "machine" is a public necessity, and without it no Republican can be elected.

As to the prospects in Maine, the time is so near when the actual result is to be known that it hardly seems worth while to speculate in regard to them. Besides, the result of an election is always in doubt till the votes are counted. But all the information from that quarter is to the effect that the Republicans "have fought a good fight," and deserve a generous success. They have, however, a strong combination to overcome, and while we believe they will overcome it and be masters of the field, we do not expect that the margin will be broad. It will be quite sufficient if they carry the state.

Did you notice the statement of Dr. Simson in the *Tribune* of Wednesday? He is a Methodist preacher from Oneida County, New York, but has been laboring for some time in Texas. He has been for 36 years associated with the ministry, but his long service and his many friends did not save him from Southern persecution, and he has brought up from his Southern home a terrible history of Southern civilization. He says: "I have lately had an opportunity of looking over the official reports of the Ku Klux outrages at the South and find that between 13,000 and 14,000 persons have been murdered by the White League and Ku Klux organizations."

Dr. Simson had been a resident of Van Zandt County, Texas, for 13 years, where he practiced medicine and preached. He says he had nothing to do with politics, either State or national, but gave his time wholly to his business and public duties. Early in June last year, he was visited by a young colored man, Rev. James Gillyard, a professor in Austin College. He was a man of light complexion who had been educated in France and was a minister of the African Methodist Church. He also had stood aloof from politics and had been pursuing the even tenor of his way for four years in the Austin College. This visit to Dr. Simson seems to have aroused the passions of the white gentry and before he left was arrested on a pretended charge of carrying concealed weapons; and although no such weapons were found on him, he was kept in custody and the next day, when a crowd gathered around his place of confinement, he was shot in the back and killed.

Dr. Simpson, thinking that there ought to be some punishment for such an outrage wrote to the Attorney General in Washington, and received a respectful reply which he desired to communicate to the people of the county who sympathized with him in his wish to have the murderers punished. He therefore called a meeting of the Republicans together, the number being about 450, and was reading the letter when the lights were suddenly put out and a mob took possession of the meeting. The Chairman was killed and many others were wounded, several afterwards dying of their wounds. Mr. Simpson was seized, his house and property worth $19,000 were destroyed, he was put in prison for a while, and on being released was warned to take a speedy departure. He escaped with only the clothes on his back, rode in the night 57 miles to Red River and walked thence 18 miles in his stocking feet to the Railroad, coming thence to Washington. His offense was, that he desired to have the murderers of his colored friend punished. Henceforth he will, I suspect, make his home in a Northern State.

Ex-Minister Welsh made his appearance in Washington yesterday, and had an interview with the President at the Soldier's Home. You will notice that the London papers are unusually cordial in the commendations of Mr. Welch, who seems to have won a large place in the heart of John Bull. He was at the State Department to-day to close up his accounts, and was, of course, an object of general interest. He compliments the English people and the officers of the English Government for their cordiality towards him, and regrets that circumstances connected with his private business made it absolutely necessary for him to return home sooner than he had contemplated.

Washington had a little sensation yesterday, not exactly in the line of political events. It consisted in the arrest of a party of Moonshiners, who made a bold and ingenious attempt to evade the Internal Revenue laws and give the thirsty Democrats of this City a taste of untaxed whisky. Some enterprising capitalists who desired to "turn an honest penny" conceived the idea that they could out manage the detectives and carry on a distilling in the center of the city without arousing suspicion. They accordingly hired a house standing alone on I street—a street that is inhabited mostly by wealthy citizens. The house was a three story brick, in good condition, and not at all likely to be taken for a distillery. They had got in the still, put up their mash tubs and were about beginning work when the house was surrounded by an army of policemen who arrested all the operators and took possession of the building. The officers were a little too eager to take possession of their expected prey, and so did not wait long enough to have whisky run and did not get a drink of the expected beverage.

Sec. Sherman has trouble to get rid of his fraudulent silver dollars. He made an order to pay 10 per cent. of they salaries of the clerks in silver but the unloaded to their grocers and about half of the $60 000, thus paid out, was back into the Treasury the next day. There are over $30 000,000 of the stuff piled away in the Treasury vault. BUCKEYE.

TROUBLE IN AFGHANISTAN.

Afghan Regiments Attacking the British Embassy and Demanding Arrears to Pay.

SIMLA, Sept. 6.—At a late hour Thursday night a messenger travelling post haste reached Alikreyl from Cabul and informed Major Connelly, the British political agent that the British embassy at Cabul had been attacked by several Afghan regiments, which had assembled in that city demanding arrears of pay and that the military escort of the embassy was defending themselves. The Viceroy of India immediately ordered the troops at Alikreyle to move instantly upon Shaurtagarden pass.

Gen. Roberts has been ordered to proceed to Peiwer Pass and advass on Cabul, while Gen. Steward has been ordered to hold Candokar. All of the British forces on the Candokar line will cenecntrate at Candokar. The forces in Khyber Pass are being strongly reinforced and will operate on Jellalabad.

Major Connally telegraphed Friday night the substance of a letter received from the Ameer of Afghanistan who confirms the news of the revolt and adds that the regiments which have mutined were joined by the populace. The Ameer's arsenal and stores were fired, plundered and destroyed, and the British Embassy was then attacked by overwhelming numbers.

The Ameer declares that he was completely surprised by the outbreak. He endeavored to quell it, and sent Gen. Daoudshah to Major Cavagnacs assistance. But Gen. Daoudshah was unhorsed and fatally wounded. The Ameer then sent his son with the Governor of Cabul and other influential personages, but the mob was wholly uncontrollable. The attack on the British Embassy continued throughout Wednesday when a fire broke out on the premises. The Ameer, writing Thursday, says that he is in great distress and is himself besieged.

The Viceroo of India is, at present, ignorant of the fate of Major Cavagnari and other members of the Embassy. Gen. Roberts has already started for Peiwar Pass. The advance on Cabul will be made very speedily and will be strongly supported. The Viceroy's Military Secretary accompanies Gen. Roberts.

LONDON, Sept. 7.—Intelligence communicated by the India office is to the effect that the attack on the British Embassy at Cabul was commenced by three Afghan regiments, which were joined, later, by nine others. The Viceroy of India telegraphs under date of the 6th that Gen. Roberts will reach Piewar from Simla in five days, and will take command of a rapid advance on Cabul. Gen. Stewart has been ordered to hold Candahar and threaten Gheunzee, if necessary. The Ameer writes that the troops at the first outbreak, after stoning the officers, rushed to the British Embassy and stoned it. Several volleys were fired from the Embassy in return. The second letter from the Ameer, dated September 4th says: "Thousands assembled to destroy the embassy. Much life was lost on both sides. I, with five attendants, have been besieged all day yesterday. Up to now, I have no certain news of the Envoy whether he was killed in his quarters or captured."

THE PLATFORM.

Adopted by the Republican Convention at Saratoga.

We, Republicans of New York, pledging ourselves anew to national supremacy, equal rights, honest money, declare these principles:

First—The republic of the United States is a Nation and not a league. The Nation is supreme within its own constitutional sphere. It is invested with power to guard its own life, to protect its own citizens, to regulate its own elections to execute its own laws. The opposition doctrine of State sovereignty is the baleful mother of nullification, secession and anarchy. Republicanism stands for national supremacy, in national affairs and State rights, in State concerns. Democracy stands for State sovereignty, with its own twin heresy, that the Union is a mere Confederacy of States.

Second—To refuse necessary supplies for the Government with the design of compelling the unwilling consent of a co-ordinate and independent branch to odious measures is revolution. To refuse appropriations for the execution of existing and binding laws is nullification. We arraign the Democratic Representatives in Congress as guilty both of revolutionary attempts and nullifying schemes, and we reprobate their action as calculated to subvert the Constitution and to strike at the existence of the Government itself.

Third—The safety of the Republic demands free and pure elections. The Democratic Congress has attempted dictation by caucus, by threats of starving the Government and by months of disturbing legislation to break down the National election laws. We denounce this effort as a conspiracy to overthrow the safeguards of free suffrage and to open the ballot-box to the unchecked domination of the rifle clubs of the South and the repeaters of New York. We declare our uncompromising opposition to any repeal of these just protective laws; and the Republican Senators and Representatives in Congress for their resistance to this attempt, and Pres. Hayes for his veto messages, deserve and receive our hearty approval.

Fourth—The Republican party neither justifies nor tolerates military interference with elections. It seeks only to protect the ballot-box from the interference of force and fraud. It repels the false charges and denounces the false pretenses of conspirators who, while pressing free elections everywhere, sustain mob law in the South; while inveighing against troops at the polls to protect citizens, refuse to prohibit armed clubs from surrounding the ballot-box to intimidate them; and while affecting that the soldiers' bayonet will overawe free electors, remain silent when the assassin's bullet sets the seal of political independence.

Fifth—We call upon the people to remember that the Democratic party forced the extra session of Congress without warrant or excuse; that it prosecuted its partisan purposes by revolutionary methods; that it persistently obstructed resumption and still expresses disturbing measures; that it reopens sectional questions closed by the national triumph, and threatens to repeal the war legislation; that its Southern element answers conciliation only with violence; that its hope of success rests alone on a solid South, and that its triumph would make the solid South the ruling force of the nation. We recognize that the great body of the people who defended the Union of whatever party name, are equally patriotic and equally interested in good government, and we earnestly invoke them to unite in resisting the dangerous designs of a party organization under the sway of those who were lately in rebellion and seek to regain in the halls of legislation what they lost on the field of battle.

Sixth—The successful resumption of specie payments, despite Democratic predictions and hostility, is the crowning element of the Republican financial policy. Followed by returning national prosperity, improved credit a refunded debt and reduced interest, it adds another to the triumphs which prove that the Republican party is equal to the highest demands. Our whole currency should be kept at par with the monetary standard of the commercial world, and any attempt to debase the standard to depreciate the paper or deteriorate the coin, should be firmly resisted.

Seventh—The claims of the living and the memories of the dead defenders of the nation, conjure us to protest against the partisan and unpatriotic greed which expels old Union soldiers from their well deserved rewards and advances Confederate soldiers to their places.

Eighth—As the pledge and proof of its economy in State administration the Republican party, in spite of a corrupt Democratic resistance, proposed and passed the constitutional amendments which restrict the expenses of the canals to their receipts and reform the whole system of canal and prison management, and by extinguishing the public indebtedness and relieving the people from any further tax, therefore it effected a great saving in State taxation. These fruits of Republican measures the Democrats have brazenly attempted to appropriate as their own. Appealing to the records in support of our declaration we pronounce their claims unfounded and hold up their authors as public impostors.

Ninth—The inequalities of taxation which press most upon those least able to bear them should be remedied. To this end the Republican Legislature created a commission to revise the Assessment and Tax laws and to reach a class of property which now largely escapes; and we remind the people that this salutary reform was unwarrantably defeated by the present Democratic Executive.

Tenth—Moneyed and transportation corporations are not alone the works of private enterprise, but are created for public use, and with due regard to vested rights it is the clear province and the plain duty of the State to so supervise and regulate such corporations as to secure the just and impartial treatment of all interests, to foster the industrial and agricultural wealth of the people, and with a liberal policy favor the public water-ways and maintain the commercial supremacy of the State. We look to the inquiry now in process under the direction of the Legislature to develop the facts which will guide to all needed action.

The Late Lake.

A curious fact is reported from Tulare County, Cal. Wheat is growing near Hanford where, four years ago, the waters of Tulare Lake stood 10 feet deep. In the four years prior to last April the lake receded five miles, and since last April one mile. On the land reclaimed from the lake are found evidences of former occupation, remains of a cabin and corral, and irrigating ditches can be traced running in straight lines, and some of them extending into the lake, and apparently still further under the waters.

"What's orbs, Sallie?" "Orbs? why, as to how, Maggie? Who said so?" "Well, you know that city chap's was sparking me last night, an' he looked me square in the face and sung out, 'Oh! if I could always bask in the effulgence of those bright orbs.' "Humph! I guess that must be what they call eyes that squint, but what do you suppose he wanted of a basque?"—*Yonkers Gazette.*

To Every Lady and Gentleman

Suffering from piles (or hemorrhoids), no matter of what nature or how long standing, I will guarantee a cure by a simple and painless process, at the patient's own home, in from three to four weeks. C. E. Livingston, M. D., 215 Superior street, Toledo, Ohio.

A Real Ladies' Journal.

Ehrichs' Fashion Quarterly, of which the Fall number lies before us, seems in every respect to be just what a lady needs, whether she dwell in town or country, or inhabit a palace or cottage. Here are all the Fashions of the coming Fall illustrated and described at length, in a variety to suit every taste and pocket; the illustrations being not the highly colored copies of foreign designs, but the faithful transcript, by competent artists, of actual costumes in the publishers' possession. Here, too, are drawings of an infinity of other articles of feminine and household use, executed with equal fidelity and excellence. And accompanying the description of each and every item is a statement of the prices at which it can be furnished in various degrees of excellence.

The purely literary department of the magazine is also very meritorious. Stories, sketches and poems, by authors of prominence, occupy this portion of its pages, and are diversified with lessons in dressmaking, practical suggestions for housekeepers, and a well written article on lace making at home, which will be studied by every lover of fancy work.

The subscription price of the magazine is only 50 cents a year, and the publishers have prepared a special edition of advance specimen sheets of the Fall number, which they offer to send to any address, free, on receipt of a three-cent stamp for postage. Published by Ehrich & Co., 287 to 295 Eighth avenue, New York.

SAN FRANCISCO ELECTIONS.

The Workingmen and Republicans Sweep the City.

SAN FRANCISCO, Sept. 8.—A complete count in the city gives the following result: The Workingmen elect Mayor, Sheriff, Auditor, Treasurer, Tax Collector, Public Administrator, Surveyor, District Attorney, City and County Attorney, Police Judge, one Supervisor, six members of the Board of Education and the Railroad Commissioner of the City district. The Republicans elect the Assesor, Recorder, Coroner, County Clerk, Superintendent of Schools, Superintendent of Streets, 11 Supervisors, seven members of the Board of Education, a member of the State Board of Equalization, and re elect Congressman Davis. The Superior Judges elected are mostly on the tickets of all parties. Some of the officers are elected by majorities so small that it is possible that an official count would result in some changes.

SAN FRANCISCO, September 8.—The official count of votes in the City differ in some cases widely from the figures published in the City journals, and is likely to change results in certain instances. Returns from all Counties in the Third Congressional District, give McKenna, Republican, 271 majority over Berry, Democrat. Some of the Counties are partly estimated and full returns are expected to increase McKenna's majority.

COLUMBUS, O., Sept. 6.—The following dispatch has been received at the Republican headquarters:

SAN FRANCISCO, Sept. 5.

J. C. Donaldson, Secretary, Columbus, O.:

Perkins and the whole State ticket is elected by a plurality of more than 10,000. The judiciary is doubtful. Page and Pacheco are elected to Congress, and probably Davis and McKinna. M. D. BARUCK, Secretary Republican State Central Committee.

TUTT'S PILLS

SYMPTOMS OF A TORPID LIVER.

Loss of Appetite, Bowels costive, Pain in the Head, with a dull sensation in the back part, Pain under the shoulderblade, fullness after eating, with a disinclination to exertion of body or mind, Irritability of temper, Low spirits, with a feeling of having neglected some duty, Weariness, Dizziness, Fluttering at the Heart, Dots before the eyes, Yellow Skin, Headache generally over the right eye, Restlessness with fitful dreams, highly colored Urine.

IF THESE WARNINGS ARE UNHEEDED, SERIOUS DISEASES WILL SOON BE DEVELOPED.

TUTT'S PILLS are especially adapted to such cases, one dose effects such a change of feeling as to astonish the sufferer.

CONSTIPATION.

Only with regularity of the bowels can perfect health be enjoyed. If the constipation is not overcome, a single dose of TUTT'S PILLS will suffice, but if it has become habitual, one pill should be taken every night, gradually lessening the frequency of the dose until a regular daily movement is obtained, which will soon follow.

Dr. I. Guy Lewis, Fulton, Ark., says:

"After a practice of 25 years, I pronounce TUTT'S PILLS the best anti-bilious medicine ever made."

Rev. F. R. Osgood, New York, says:

"I have had Dyspepsia, Weak Stomach and Nervousness, I never had any medicine to do me so much good as TUTT'S PILLS. They are as good as represented."

Office 35 Murray Street, New York.

TUTT'S HAIR DYE.

GRAY HAIR OR WHISKERS changed to a GLOSSY BLACK by a single application of this DYE. It imparts a Natural Color, acts Instantaneously, and is as Harmless as spring water. Sold by Druggists, or sent by express on receipt of $1.

Office 35 Murray St., New York.

Columbia Bicycle

A practical road machine, better than a horse, because it eats no oats, and on it one can ride more miles in a day over common roads than a horse can go. The velocipede of 1879 is no more to be compared with the present Bicycle than a spavined donkey with a blooded horse. Send 3c. stamp for 24 page illustrated Catalogue, with price list and full information.

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The Household.

CORRESPONDENTS writing for this Department will please observe the following rules:

1. Write Household Department on the envelope.

2. Give real name and Post Office address—not for publication, unless you wish—but for reference in case it is necessary to address you by mail.

3. Write only on one side of the paper; write plainly as possible, and do not interline.

4. Be as brief as the nature of the subject will allow.

Most Too Good for the Waste-Basket.

For more than a year, I have perused the columns of the "Household," and strange to relate, my temper has hitherto preserved its equilibrium to such an extent that not once during that time have I put pen to paper for the purpose of encouraging or berating of the Household friends.

At last, however, the somewhat remarkable letter of "Unhappy Home" has touched my vulnerable spot, and I immediately resolved to endeavor, in all the kindness and impartiality possible under the existing circumstances, to throw a different light upon the facts set forth by this miserably married brother.

In the first place, if, as the gentleman asserts, he was idiotic enough to marry on two hours acquaintance, I can't help feeling in my inmost soul that he has most richly deserved his misery. Secondly, how does it happen that he has lived and suffered (perhaps) 15 years in silence? Friends, do you suppose that he has recently found another ticket in life's lottery holding forth such glittering inducements that his fickle mind is turned from the one he swore to love and cherish until death should part them. "What God hath joined together let no man put asunder." What does that mean? Does it mean that a man can step into any law office in the land and, on a plea of incompatibility, or, indeed, almost any convenient excuse, secure a separation, "without publicity" even? I think not.

If I read my Bible aright, God Almighty does not even make an Indiana "limb of the law" an exception, much as an uninformed person might be led to believe the contrary.

"Unhappy Home" says that his wife knew absolutely nothing of the details of housework, when he married her. Now, judging from the tone of the gentleman's letter, I should naturally suppose that he would have spent those memorable two hours in putting the candidate for the position of Mrs. "U. H." through the domestic catechism.

Alas, short-sighted man! He forgot it, and has spent 15 years in useless regrets over his thoughtlessness.

"Unhappy home," says that he pleads with his wife to do better,—something after this fashion, I imagine:

"Now, Jane Maria, here you are just as you were when I went to work this morning; and for all I can see you haven't done a single thing! You havn't combed your hair all day, I do believe; and there's my old over-alls lying in the front room just where I hopped out of them, and these dresses that I pulled off the hooks in the closet, where I was hunting my whip-lash are lying there yet. This bread is burned to a cinder and the tea is simply awful! I told you we must get up earlier in the morning, but it was after 6 o'clock when we sat down to the table. Why can't we have a lamp? I'll venture the lamps are not filled! The Lord only knows what we may be eating, too!"

Then Jane Maria feebly remonstrates that the kerosene is out. She mentioned that yesterday; that the tea is weak because he assured her only last night that they would be obliged to end their days in the poor house if she was not more economical with the tea; that she never supposed he would use the best room for a dressing room, or look for a whip-lash under her Sunday dress; that the breakfast was ready for him long before he was ready for the breakfast; that the bread burned while she was helping him to hunt the lost whip lash, etc., ad infinitum; but "U. H." only frowns terribly and says:

"Well, why can't you use candles—make 'em yourself. That's the way my sainted mother did, and I guess I got up as soon as she called me!" I tell you what Jane Maria, I'm getting mighty tired of this. Things can't go on this way much longer!"

"Now, there's the widow Spriggins up on the hill, she's always dressed as neat as you please, and her house shines as bright from cellar to garret, as elbow grease and soap-suds can make it. There's plenty of nice, lively, good looking widows, who'd be glad to get a good, honest, hard-working man like me, and, by geeswax! I wish some of 'em had me!

Maria Jane sighs and thinks bitterly that the Widow Spriggins has more than one dress to array herself in; that her house can shine, inasmuch as her own elbow grease is not obliged to operate the soap-suds. No wonder she is always cheerful, for hasn't she been ten years a widow? Who wouldn't be cheerful?

Will the dull perceptions of the sexes ever be quickened sufficiently to understand that one kind word will accomplish more with a woman than fifteen years of growing wretchedness?

BETH BUTTON.

Ridgeville, Ill.

Among the Mountains.

Dear friends, did you ever look upon a beautiful landscape and wish that the beauty was yours to hold and possess forever, so that you might always have it by you to look at and enjoy at will? To be sure many times we have only to shut our eyes and recall bright scenes and pleasant recollections, but at times have you not wished that there was something material about beauty, so that you could have it within your power to show to your friends, to behold just as you do? How many times I have looked at the mountain scenery here, under such varied conditions and in different places and felt just that way. But "beauty is something that is ours to behold not to possess, it is an etherial spirit that floats away like a silver cloud ever near yet ever beyond our grasp; it is here, there, everywhere except where we are." I only whish I could take you to the summit of a mountain about three miles from here, and show you a scene you could never forget. The mountain, as seen from this place, presents a steep rugged side, crowded by a long perpendicular ridge of limestone cliffs through which there is only one pass by which the summit can be gained. There is quite a forest of pine trees on the slope, but these look like diminutive shrubs from our standpoint. At the base of this mountain flows a beautiful clear stream called Beaver Creek, because of the great number of beaver dams found near its source.

The opposite side of the mountain has a gradual slope, away off down to Wind River and its tributaries. Although the summit can be reached by a bridle path, ascending the steep, rugged side, it is better to take a circuitous route of ten miles to gain the top of the cliffs. One day a party of us went to the summit and spent the day camping out. The older members of our party went in a wagon, while the rest of us saddled our ponies and are off on a brisk gallop. A fresh breeze is blowing from the snowy range at our left, while the pure mountain air coming as it does, laden with the breath of the pines, brings us fully under its invigorating influence. Now and then a prairie dog, seated on a mound near his burrow, would bark saucily at us until our nearer approach frightened him, and with a whisk he disappeared. Great flocks of prairie hens would occasionally rise with a great flutter from among the sage brush. At one time, while emerging from a ravine we came suddenly upon a band of antelope, away they go like the winds over the hills with their heads erect, and are soon out of sight and hearing.

After going a few miles further we find ourselves on the very summit of the cliffs. What a grandly magnificent view bursts upon our sight! Directly in front of us, clearly defined in the horizon is the snowy range with its ragged and sharp outlines and snow-crowned peaks which stand like giant sentinels over all. Then lower and nearer are the foot hills with their green gulches and ravines sloping down to the grey velvety hills that form a rolling and undulating country with here and there a cliff or a small ravine that relieves the monotony. A little to the right is a hill, higher than the rest, on the side of which is this town that looks as if it had been accidentally dropped there and was liable to take wings sometime and fly off to some more convenient resting place. With our glasses, we can see the grave-yard with its few white railings, and the smoke stacks of the great quartz mills sending out enormous puffs of smoke, while now and then a sharp whistle comes borne on the brisk breeze. Away off to the right are the low, undulating plains of the Sweetwater Valley, with two or three great buttes looming blue and solitary in the distance. Directly behind us is the great Wind River Valley, stretching far away until hills, valleys, mountains and ravines seem to blend and mingle in the hazy distance. We see Red Canon with its red walls glistening in the sunlight; while a little beyond its mouth is Gable mountain with its flattened crest and smooth outlines.

But now let us look a little nearer our standpoint. Upon peering over the cliffs we find ourselves viewing the very tops of huge pine trees that have stood the storms and winds of years, while a little below them is the steep descent of the mountain, extending to the stream which appears like a fine silver thread among the willows. Suddenly some one shouts "A deer! a deer!" we hear a crackling in the underbrush below us, and a beautiful doe followed by two young fawns appear among the trees.

She stands for a moment with her head erect, sniffing the air and looking around in a startled manner. Finally they bound off down the mountain side and disappear in a young pine forest at the base. Our hunters in the meantime hastily grasp their guns and clamber down the cliffs, determined to have some "big game" for dinner, but they soon return, rather crestfallen, and with only a blue grouse, which, however, we found delicious when boiled over our camp-fire. It begins to grow dark, and the mists are already blotting the landscape from our view. A sudden storm is upon us, and a great, gray, waveless ocean of vapor is engulfing us. Hastily packing away our camping utensils we start for home, but the clouds borne along by a brisk breeze, have surrounded us, and we find ourselves among the clouds, 9,000 feet above the sea level! A fine misty rain falls for a short time, then the clouds disperse and by the time we reach the main road, the sun is shining brightly again.

QUEEN DIDO.

Miners' Delight, Wyo.

Hints on Housekeeping.

For the benefit of inexperienced housekeepers I would like to make a few suggestions about method in details; to those especially who have to do their own work I think they will prove useful. House-cleaning is in season now, and, though it is not original with me, I would suggest that you begin at the top of the house. In cleaning paint and wood-work, spirits of ammonia will be found a very great assistance. Use a tablespoonful to a quart of hot suds or clear water for mirrors or window glass. Many are not explicit enough in their directions for the use of ammonia. I knew a woman who had read that it was good for the complexion; so she used it without diluting, burned her face badly, and called it a humbug. For white paint I like Sapollo. Rub a cloth wrung from hot water on it, then on the soiled paint, when it will whiten rapidly and easily.

Beds and bedding should all be taken down and out, one at a time. Mattresses should should be at least thoroughly beaten, sunned and aired. All unpainted parts of bedsteads should be well washed in strong, hot suds. If there is a hint of the horrible bug about the bed I know of nothing so effectual as an ounce of corrosive sublime to a quart of alcohol. Best procure a small oil-can (such as are used with sewing-machines). With this you can wet every crevice of the bed and the floor where it stood. Have them all cleaned and dry first. Be careful not to get the corrosive on the hands or leave it in the way of children, as it is a fearful poison. All painted furniture, tables, chairs and so forth should be washed in suds, not too hot. Upholstered furniture may be well beaten to remove dust and the wood rubbed with a flannel cloth wrung from sweet-oil. If they are covered with hair cloth it may be cleaned by wiping well with a clean, wet cloth. A little salt and vinegar heated together will clean brass quickly and with little labor. The brass must be washed and well dried with dry whiting after scouring. When we have anything nice it is important to keep it so. To sweep a carpet I have a pailful of clean water. Dip the broom, shake it well, be careful not to leave it too wet. Sweep with the end of the broom in the right hand, not allowing the ends of the straws to rise into the air; as soon as the dust covers the wet straws of the broom dip it again, not forgetting to shake well. Sweeping in this way prevents the dust settling on the furniture and ornaments. Another method of sweeping neatly is to use a dry broom, then dust everything well, then wring a very clean mop quite dry from hot suds and wipe a small part of the carpet thoroughly, then wring again and proceed in the same manner. If there are bits of lint that did not wipe off readily finish with a dry broom. Many may think directions for sweeping superfluous, but I have seen very few who could sweep without leaving the dust in the air to settle again on the carpet.

I never put a milky spoon, or soiled knife, or an eggshell, or any such thing on a clean pantry shelf or kitchen table, but when cooking or getting a meal I have a pan of water standing conveniently and put every soiled dish into it. In this way the table is never "littered," and the pie tins and so forth wash easier when so well soaked. It is easier to keep a table clean than to scour it all the time, and if any hot lard or other grease or anything is dropped on it, or on the floor, it can be cleaned easier when it is first on. The best plan to remove grease from wall paper is to lay several folds of blotting paper on the spot, and hold a hot iron near it until the grease is absorbed.—*Ex.*

A Rover.

In this field called "Household" I find many balls to play on. Though I love to read the Household Department, I find many things of little importance, except to show some anxious person how their compositions look in print, and very seldom hear any of them complaining of their own faults, but forget their own short-comings in pointing out those of others. I read many pieces of late signed "Bach," or "Old Bach" or pertaining to a "bachelor's life." In my opinion it is no credit to any man to be an "Old Bach." As I am not one, I do not stand in my own light regarding their faults, which I think are many. Of all classes of men I honestly believe they take the lead for selfishness. Their whole life has been for self and self interest, they decline to make lady acquaintances for fear they themselves may be placed in some embarrassing situation or what may appear so to them. They may have to put on a clean collar or deprive themselves of being just as they desire and rather than have energy enough to wake up and live for those around them as well themselves, decline to go anywhere, or be anything except self, and for these reasons they are soon dropped out of select society. They remind me of an old man who used to own a lot of land in the City of Cleveland. When the prices commenced to raise the taxes were more, and for fear he would have to pay higher taxes he sold all of his land at a low figure, which in a few years was worth a fortune. Rather than pay the taxes of a married life, they stand back and growl like bears with sore heads, and say, "pity us poor lonely bachelors."

Miss Mollie makes a terrible fuss over a little tobacco. I have heard of girls before now that if they could not get the young man they thought they wanted, they were up the stump for any happiness in this world, and would end their broken hearted days in a mill-pond or some other water hole. I do not use tobacco in any shape, or form, yet I do not curse it as the worst of all evils existing in our land.

The use of tobacco is a habit. The human family is subject to habit which changes nature itself. I have known men who have used tobacco from their boyhood up, and are now gray-haired, upwards of 80 years old and are hale and hearty. Thousands of just such men take the BLADE and undoubtedly read the Household every week. Miss Mollie says "of the two evils take rum." Look at that sentence, think of it soberly, candidly and solemnly, and if thousands of dead fingers dont point up out of drunkards graves at you it's because you don't see them. Millions have been swept away by that terrible tide of rum, and millions more are going like blocks, one tumbling after another. Talk not to the Household in so slight jests regarding Rum. We all know too well the folly of its use. Tobacco is one of God's formations, and rum came only from the meddlings of man, a mere speck for a moment.

HERBERT MANDERVILLE.

For the Blade.

FLOWER SUNDAY.

BY ROSEMARY.

"Suffer little children to come unto me,"
Said the Holy One of old;
So to-day we garland our churches,
To receive them into the fold.

Bring pansies, lillies and roses,
Crimson snow-white and gold;
Wreathe font and altar and chancel,
With floral wreath untold.

Here are lillies for spotless purity,
Like the white lambs of the fold,
Whose stainless hearts like these fair leaves,
No painful records hold.

Bring roses for emblems of love,
Roses, crimson, snow-white and gold,
Pointing the hearts from the loves of earth
To the One love that never grows cold.

Pansies, "tender and pleasant thoughts,"
Who has aught else of a child,
Walking beside us along life's way
Loving, merry and mild.

Pine, emblem of time and faith,
Faith that is ever green,
Which points from time to eternity,
From things seen to those unseen.

Bring violets for eternal truth,
"To the best thou knowest be true,"
And into your souls, as in these flowers,
Shall shine Heaven's own "true blue."

Iris, "a message for thee,"
A message of hope for each one,
That God, the Father, loves us all,
And a brother in Christ, His son.

Lavender, whose sweetest fragrance
Exhales, when the plant is crushed,
As a pure life amid evil,
"Smells sweet, and blooms in the dust."

These blossoms all speak of the living,
But alas! in this world of ours,
There is never a perfect garden,
They all have some faded flowers.

In the words of our sweetest poet,
Despite the most watchful care,
There is never a flock so tended
But one dead lamb is there.

So we bring Syringa for memory,
Memory tender and deep,
For we would not forget if we could,
Those in Jesus, fallen asleep.

Rosemary, "that's for remembrance,"
Rue, for sorrow and grief,
Which the heart must feel for the dear ones,
Whose stay was so sweet and brief.

Remembering though, in our anguish,
While memory tolls her bell,
That always with rue and rosemary,
Grow amaranth and asphodel.

So with tender and hallowed feeling
We garland our church with flowers,
To receive in the fold of Jesus,
These human blossoms of ours.

No Woman's Rights.

Oh! Sister Women: Please don't talk on that dreadful subject. Don't you hear Burdock away up over there? He says "Tut! Tut! burnie, burnie!"

Our good, true fathers, husbands, brothers and sons will attend *wicked* business. Burdock says there is wickedness there, and it must be true, for I have heard the remark several times before; and hows naughty it is for us to be prying into such things.

Never mind. The wicked politicians will make good laws for us. They will have no respect for us if they find we have been peeping behind the scenes.

We should attend to the rearing of sons to assist in this wickedness, and to the clinging to drunken and criminal husbands. Don't you know, if you want him to be a drunkard still? and so would (if you could) vote *with* him to have men licensed to keep him so, and to make drunkards for husbands for your daughters? To be sure you would. There are many subjects on which you differ with father, husband and brother, but were you allowed to vote, you would vote *with* them. Burdock says so.

You unfortunate old maids! I pity *you*, but there is enough for you to do in you proper sphere. You can go about back streets and alleys and gather the little crabs into Sunday schools, visit them in their homes. You'll find no wickedness *there*. Go to heathen countries and teach women that they have souls to be saved and intellects to be cultived. You'll find nothing to shock you *there*. Or if you *should* you might be able to do something toward bringing about a reform.

But *don't* drabble your skirts, soil your shoes and contaminate your morals by going to the polls, for that is all it would amount to. Then what would those same wicked politicians do for innocent and pure, sweet hearts and wives?

If you *must* talk, whisper. What were you going to say, Barbara? Not so loud, please. I wouldn't like them to see me listening to you, if they knew what you are saying. INNOCENCE.

Walnut, Iowa.

Still Voting for Jackson.

There are two objects that are not much to be admired in this world, one is a masculine woman and the other is a feminine man: but it is with the first that we wish to deal at present. They are the agitators of Female Suffrage, the searchers after masculine pursuits for woman and the more moderate and consequently more dangerous ones that advocate "Higher education for women." Yes, or anything that will destroy that humble, clinging and obedient disposition that made the lives of our ancestors so much to be admired. But now we must have planted in the minds and hearts of the present generation of girls a sentiment of self-sufficiency and independence thus changing this rom a nation of mothers to a bedlam of unlovable old maids. How often we see a conceited woman displaying contempt for the acquirements of her husband in order to create the impression that she is highly educated and much the superior of the two, while issuing her orders with the insolence of a dictator, knowing that the higher nature of her husband will obey in preference to having a family scene in public.

How much better, had she been taught her true position as wife and component part of complete l man, adorned with a clinging trust in his stronger nature.

We certainly think it more in accordance with nature to be scouring "pots and pans" than lecturing on the phantom wrongs of woman and reading yellow-backed literature, seeking the notoriety of an agitator instead of quietly performing the duties assigned them.

In those olden days there were no discussions carried on in the public print by young women whether they should kiss the young men at the door, the gate, or on the street, or all of them promiscuously: these are prominent candidates for obedient wives or would they not do better hanging around corners peddling tickets and kissing voters.

HOME ADOMEMENT.

Ozarlf. Mo.

At Whose Door Lies the Sin?

Of all the powers or influences of earth there is none stronger or more holy than that of women, but when perverted or used in the wrong direction, it has a tendency for evil as potent as it otherwise would have for good. And she who trifles with this sacred trust will as surely reap a bitter fruitage. She who encourages or sanctions the use of tobacco, spirituous drinks, or the indulgence in any unmanly or useless habit in husband, lover or friend, is sowing the seed, the fruition of which is filth, poverty and unhappiness.

Many a fair woman, by a proffered cup of wine, has planted or nurtured the tree from the branches of which she has been compelled to eat bitter fruit through all her life.

I hold that in her influence woman possesses a power that can do more to banish the curse of intemperance, both in alcoholic drinks and tobacco from our land than any other human agency, and Diana and Widow No. 2 should remember that the same plea that they make for the indulgence in tobacco can be used with the same propriety for every tippler in the land; and from this same material is woven the garb that shields the toper and the sot.

No mother wife or sister can afford to tolerate, much less sanction a habit in son, husband or brother that tends to detract from their manhood.

Let woman make the demand and stand by it, and man will rise to the requisite standard of manhood.

INFLUENCED.

Hutchinson, Kan., July 25, 1879.

Teaching, Washing, Etc.

Will you allow me to come again to answer a few questions? Some one asked for opening exercises in a school. In my opinion nothing is nicer than singing, morning and evening. When I used to teach school, only a few years ago, I opened my school by reading a short chapter from the Testament, followed by repeating the Lord's Prayer and singing. If you make the opening exercises pleasant children will not want to be tardy. My pupils would always try to be in their places in time for singing.

"Parent" in last week's BLADE asks: "Where should a teacher be at noon and recess?" I should say, "In the school room," for by staying with the pupils a teacher may prevent much mischief and many accidents.

Let me tell you what I do to make my washing easy: Like Shirley Dare, I soak my clothes over night in plenty of water; then in the morning wring the clothes out without rubbing, unless very dirty, and boil in a suitable amount of soft water, in which one half of a package of washing crystal has been dissolved, together with half a bar of common soap. The clothes will come out clean, or with a very little rubbing in the boiling water and rinsing in plenty of soft water. I can do large washings with tiffs crystal, and not feel tired out. THEODORA.

Drinking Rings.

Smoking and chewing are of themselves bad habits, but *tame* compared to drinking and gambling, while they often lead to these results. I understand that in England if a man wants a drink, he gets it, pays for it, and goes away. I think if this practice should be carried out in this country, it would be found lonesome pleasure, and my opinion is some would abstain from the habit altogether.

There is one custom in this country that ought to be discountenanced by all respectable citizens. I mean the custom of young men going to a saloon and one treating the rest to cigars and drinks. In two or three days they meet again, and another of the party treats, and so they keep on till all have treated.

They find new acquaintances of the same class to join them, the ring enlarging, and the drinking increasing until some of them, at least, have become regular drunkards.

All respectable young ladies ought to turn with scorn and contempt upon the advances of such young men.

R. K. SINGLETON.

A Cool Weather Teacher.

Prairie Queen, I do not think it very terrible for married ladies to go to school, if they can, but I should think those little ones would require your constant care and attention. You cannot be a school girl, and attend to the duties that belong to a mother, too, without neglecting one or the other.

Some one wished some suggestions upon opening exercises. I will give some methods that I think are good: Bible readings, responsive readings, biographical or narrative readings, are good, and I think that singing should always be a part of the exercises.

Another good method is to have some motto or golden thought put on the blackboard, and then talk about the author, or the meaniag of the thought. The opening exercises must be short or they will soon become tiresome.

I wish some of the experienced teachers that are teaching district schools in the country would tell us how to keep the scholars busy and interested in their lessons when it is so warm. I do think it is wasting time to have school in hot weather. TENNIE LANE.

Hicksville, O.

What Whipping Does.

I would like to tell you what good I have seen whipping do. I once saw a teacher whip two children, between five and six years of age, and I think it did more good than a month's talking. It was their first term of school and they were allowed to play after reciting their lessons. Other scholars, who left their lunch baskets in the hall, would sometimes find them empty at noon. The teacher asked them if they did it, both denied it, and each said the other had taken a bite. The teacher whipped them a little, of course she did not hurt them. Talking kindly, and scolding had proved ineffectual; only whipping could do any good. I think it was far better for the teacher to use the whip than to have let the habit grow on them, don't you? In this instance to "spare the rod" would have spoiled the child.

DOMUS FILIUS.

Henderson, Ill.

Cooking Recipes, Etc.

I should like to hear from the teachers of the "Household" on the best method of securing attendance.—B. Y., Alpha, Mo.

Will some one give a good recipe for cooking cauliflower, and also a good recipe for coloring a scarlet red which will not fade?—BETSY SHORT.

CORRECTION IN JUNE 19.—Recipe for caked breast the word steam was used for strain. Should have read strain, let settle.—MRS. E. L. MILLS, Rome, Wis.

"Will Mrs. C. B. Russell tell us how she makes that bread from Horsford's preparation?" Answer: Yes, with the greatest of pleasure—I followed to the letter the directions as given on the package; you do so, and then report results.—MRS. C. B. RUSSELL.

Please tell the lady that forgot to sign her name to the letter containing the recipe for curing nasal catarrh by external application, if she will be so kind as to send the recipe direct to me, and I'll be so thankful; besides will pay for her trouble.—MRS. MAY GREGG, Chatsworth, Ills.

If any of the readers of the BLADE desiring to come to Kansas will give me their address, I will send them a copy of a paper with a description of Anderson County and Southeastern Kansas.—MRS. C. P. WALKER, Colony, Anderson Co., Kan.

A sister asks for some remedy for fleas. After a good cleaning, if she take branches of walnut leaves and lay them where the fleas are, they will soon leave. She can move the dead leaves and add fresh ones every day or alternate day.—AUNT HARRIET, Georgetown, Pa.

I think the little 14 year old lady that helps her mother so much must have her hands full without helping a gentleman to stand up, but would say to her that I believe it is the custom in Michigan for the gentleman to take the lady a arm.

What is the nearest good medical college to Toledo?—VIOLINIST, Sylvania, O.

Would the lady that said she would send Hopeful a recipe for catarrh in the BLADE of May 22, be so kind as to send it to me? My mother has the catarrh, asthma and bronchitis. She would pay all expenses and thank her very much or a cure for any of the above named would be very thankfully received.—MRS. S. C. MCCONNELL, Oreana, Ill.

Please tell Vic if she will wash her hands in soft water with castile soap and rub them well with tallow (mutton tallow is best) they will not chap.

Tell Mrs. R. F. Hazlewood a preparation of Flake White dissolved in bay rum, applied with a sponge or with flannel will not injure the face in the least but is beneficial to the skin.—COUNTRY GIRL, Fowlerville, N. Y.

Aunt Fannie asks for a recipe for making vinegar. Take three gallons of soft water, add one pint of molasses; one teacup good yeast, and two tablespoonfuls of ginger. Mix together and let stand; in about two weeks add some folded strips of brown paper. It will be fit for use in from four to six weeks. I generally keep in a warm place or in the sun. —AUNT HAMET.

If Sadie will apply a drop or two of chromic acid to each wart at bedtime and not wash off until next morning, and follow same course for three days, can warrant a cure. The acid is not dangerous unless taken internally. Mrs. S. C. Jeffers, Mich., will get rid of her trouble some ants if she will dip a piece of sponge in sweetened water and put it where they enter the room or house; let it remain a couple of hours, then dip it in boiling hot water, and she will be surprised at the number destroyed.—D. E. HARDY, Good Thunder, Minn.

To all those troubled with bed bugs I would recommend common turpentine, as it is harmless to use and fatal to the bugs and eggs.

TO REMOVE WARTS AND CORNS.—Apply the juice of the leaves of the great celandine or tetter wort, and keep applying until the fungus growth is removed. If Minnie Mays' headache arises from any spinal difficulty, mustard poultice applied to the back of the neck and a folded cloth wet in strong castile soap suds applied to the top of the head will sometimes relieve. For sick or nervous headache, dependent on an acid stomach, the following is useful: Fluid extract of ladies' slipper, half an ounce; fluid extract of catnip, half an ounce; fluid extract of scull-cap, half an ounce; water, one pint. Dose—one to three teaspoonfuls.—Mrs. E. L. MILLS, Romeo, Mich.

Our Exchanges.

The Household Department has of late grown so popular, and the large increase of our circulation has brought us so many new readers and contributors that we are by no means able to find room for all the latter, much as we should like to do so. This condition of affairs works an injustice among those who send exchanges for this department, since we cannot publish all exchanges that are sent, and those who are necessarily excluded feel that they are slighted, or that a preference has been shown to the more fortunate ones. To obviate this difficulty we have decided hereafter to make a nominal charge, for all exchanges, and give place to all which may be sent under this arrangement. The charge will be 50 cents for a single insertion of not more than six lines, of eight words each. That is to say, we will insert not to exceed 50 words in the exchange column for 50 cents. Our regular advertising rates are 50 cents per line; hence it will be seen that this is not an advertising charge, but merely a nominal charge to put all our contributors on the same basis.—ED. HOUSEHOLD.

THE LAW OF MATRIMONY.

An Incident in the Life of a Colored Gentleman who Deserted His Wife.

Little Rock (Ark.) Gazette.

Yesterday morning an old negro man arrived in the City from St. Louis in search of his before-the-war wife. The old man went off into the war with his master, but, undergoing a change politically, deserted him and embraced the emancipation cause, and now, after so long a time, he comes back to the scenes of his childhood. After making a great many inquiries he learned that his wife had married again and that she and her husband were living down on Second street. Arriving at the designated house the old man, stiff with rheumatism, hobbled up the narrow steps and fell against the door, which, yielding to the weight of his body, opened. Sitting near the window was a tall, bony woman. Near the fireplace, rubbing a fiddle with a greasy woollen rag, sat a man.

"It seems ter me like," said the visitor, dropping down on a trunk, "that you uster be my wife afore de wah."

"Bless de Lord," exclaimed the woman, "it's beginnin' to hitch on'o me in de same direction."

"What does dis prankin' mean?" said the last husband, dropping the rag and throwing the fiddle on the bed. "Splain yourselves."

"Dis 'oman uster be my nat'ral wife, and I've come heah ter see if we can't make some sorter rangements in regards to it."

"Ole man," said the last edition of matrimony, "de bes' an' mos' p'lite thing is for yer to go 'way an' ten' ter yer business. Dis 'oman an' myself understands each oder putty tolerable well, an' de best thing is for yer to def us."

"Daniel," said the woman, "when yer was young yer was a pretty squar sort of feller, but now de rheumatiz have cotch yer, and fore God I dean' wanter rheumatized man. Dan, you's bow laigged at de bes'. 'Sides all dat, I'se changed my 'ligion."

"Let me sight yer to a parable in de law, 'cordin to Blackstone," said the second husband. 'De fir's deed and de las' will am de mos' powerful. De fir's deed am subject to de last will. Wasn't it a deed when you married dis 'oman? wan't de ack of marryin' her a deed?"

"Tibber shoah," said the first husband, reflectingly.

"Wan't our marriage a will? Wan't it de 'oman's will dat she married me? Answer de question squarly?"

"Yes."

"Well, den, 'cordin' to de law, de 'oman's mine."

"Dat's a fac', Dan," said the woman.

"Ain't yer gwine to give me no allum money?" asked Dan.

"De law don't mention that," said the victorious husband.

Dan arose from the trunk and looked around the room. A tear stood in his eye. Suddenly his face brightened.

"Gin' me dat catfish over dar an' I'll leave you."

"De law don't mention de fish, but I'll gin' it ter you."

Daniel picked up de fish, ran his finger through its gills, and passed out into the street.

Tennyson Clings to His Name.

London Truth.

What is a name worth? A good deal apparently in the case of Alfred Tennyson, who is so fully alive to the magic charm of his patronymic that he has declined to become the heir of certain estates in Lincolnshire rather than exchange it for that of Turner. The laureate's elder brother inherited Grasby Hall and some neighboring farms many years back, and for the sake of the $5,000 or $10,000 a year which they yielded, he entirely dropped the Tennyson and became the Rev. Charles Turner, a name which stands on the title page of his book of sonnets. He died a few months ago, leaving no issue, and his wife followed him to the grave within a few weeks. The next heir is the laureate, but he will not accept the condition which rigorously enforces the entire suppression of the Tennyson. Doubtless there will be found a brother or a nephew, if not a son, willing to forego the prestige attached to the family name for the sake of a comfortable inheritance, but the succession is still, I believe, unsettled.

Our Young Folks.

A TALE THAT IS TOLD.

BY ELLA W. RICKER.

In a time that is oft by the poets sung,
When the mouth of roses still is young,
My hero his race began.

Of him it certainly came to pass
That his earthly life was like the grass,
His length of days but a span.

When he opened his eyes on this earthly scene,
The air was warm and the grass was green,
The sky of a sapphire hue.
What wonder then, as he hopped along,
That with every hop his limbs grew strong,
His appetite stronger, too.

He could scarce decide how to turn his way,
Such wealth of provisions around him lay—
A world full of things to eat.
This blade of grass he must stop to taste;
That clover leaf never was made to waste;
This lettuce could not be beat.

Thus from leaf to leaf, and from blade to blade
He passed, till a royal meal he made:
And all through the livelong day
He danced for joy in the free, fresh air,
And dined and supped on the best of fare,
As he sped on his roving way.

So the Summer passed, with no foe to molest,
No fear to disturb his tranquil breast,
Save once, when a roving flock
Of turkeys, who happened that field to find,
And thought it a hunting ground quite to their mind,
Gave his delicate nerves a shock.

September came, "Well, the nights are damp,"
The grasshoppers said, "and I've had the cramp
Three times, besides this cough;
But as long as the clover and grass hold out,
And I'm free from rheumatism and gout,
I'll consider myself well off."

October, he sighed: "Things are looking queer,
The leaves are dropping, the corn is sere,
And as for the sun, it seems,
Since he takes each morning a longer nap
And leaves work early, the lazy chap!
That his must be pleasant dreams."

One morning he crept from his cozy bed,
To find every tiny leaf o'erspread
With sharply glittering frost.
Cried he: "Things have come to a pretty pass,
Instead of water, the pond is glass,
Ev'n the sun his heat has lost.

"Let others enjoy their terrestrial bliss,
I wouldn't be seen in a world like this;
I'm off for a happier sphere."
Then flying leaps through the field he took,
Till he came to the banks of a rushing brook—
And his story endeth here.

Our Children's Reading.

BY MRS. H. H. T.

The first question my boys anxiously ask me, after the supper dishes are washed and put away, and the red tablecloth spread smoothly, is this: "Mamma, are you going to knit?" If the answer is in the affirmative, Frank, my youngest boy, pirouettes on his toes around the room, while George, more quiet and methodical, goes up stairs to his trunk and brings down "Robinson Crusoe," one of his Christmas presents, which, with a smile and a bow, he deposits on my lap, opened where the book-mark indicates the distance already perused.

"Oh, I can't read this evening," said I, "for I am not knitting stockings or the lengthy part of a mitten; I have to widen, and narrow, and turn about so often that I should made poor headway at the reading. I am very sure."

Frank, as usual, exclaims, "Pshaw!" while George looks his disappointment when Sarah volunteers. After she has passed over a few pages, during which time my thoughts have been rambling back to my childhood, rather than listening, the boys ungallantly express their opinion that she don't read like mamma. Pleased with the compliment, or, perhaps, rather from some recollections of certain disappointments in my own early youth, I finally take the book and read for the remainder of the children's evening.

I sometimes lose patience on wet and stormy days, or during the long Winter evenings, and say, "O dear what a trial you children are; you are always under my feet. Why do you not sit down or read something?"

"Well, mamma," they reply, "if you would let us go to the canal, or the railroad, or fishing at the bay like other boys, you would soon find we would not trouble you much."

But I cannot do this. I did indeed try it for a short time last Summer during the long vacation, when my own children attracted the other boys dwelling in the neighborhood to our yard, quite to my distraction. I finally consented to let them go where their fancy led them, on condition that they would not go to the railroad or canal. For a few weeks I detected nothing amiss, but by-and-by I noticed at the dinner-hour flushed countenances, excited manners and downcast eyelids, while I often found it necessary to correct when a slang word was incautiously dropped. The relief was very great however, so that I was not unwilling to overlook it. One day, however, it appeared they had all been very much frightened, for one of the neighbor's boys had been nearly drowned. The boys had been bathing and swimming in a stone-quarry pit full of water, about which I knew nothing. I talked very seriously to the children of this breach of trust on their part, and I think they felt very much ashamed and sorry. I also blamed myself for allowing them to be led into temptation in order to make the vacation quieter for myself, while I have never again allowed them the liberty to go when and where they pleased without first consulting me.

I am sure it is very unwise for parents to give their boys liberty to go where they please. They can have no idea the mischief they do or the trouble they are to the immediate neighbors and others.

Several years ago the child of a wealthy gentleman was the terror of the neighborhood where he lived. The boy was only 10 years old, but he seemed possessed with the idea that there was no law for him. One afternoon, when I was out of town, he broke every pane in my woodshed window, of which I was informed by the people living next door. After supper I called upon his mother at her residence. It was an elegant house; the servant handed me into the parlor. I did not mention my errand, but gave only my name. The nursery was evidently in the room adjoining, where the mother, who was a very lovely woman, was preparing her five children for bed. She heard them say their prayers, talked to them affectionately, and after a good deal of confusion finally got them all to bed.

I was almost tempted to slip out through the front door and run home, so much did I dislike to disturb the repose of the mother's evening hour. In a few moments she came in, when, as gently as I could, I told her what her boy had been doing. She burst into tears, remarked how sorry she was about it, but declared she could not make her boys stay in the yard. I felt sorry for her, and sorry for the boy, as I thought the chances of his becoming a good man were not very great. However, she made the child get up, and, standing in his white night-gown, beg my pardon by word of mouth, though I fancy the tone of voice was as far as possible from the heart. I think she was wise in doing this, and I was never troubled with that boy's pranks again. She also sent a glazier to mend the window, which, of course, was the proper thing for her to do.

I could relate many other incidents showing the trouble boys, who are allowed to roam away from home, are to the public. This knowledge, with a personal desire for the child's own welfare, has induced us to keep our children as far as possible, under our immediate supervision.

Of course, if we keep our children at home, they must, during some of the time at least, be occupied or interested in some way. I think the easiest way to do this, especially in the evening, is for me or one of the older children to read some interesting book, while the others knit, sew or draw as fancy or their needs may dictate. During the Fall I read to them "The Swiss Family Robinson," while I at the same time knitted several pairs of long stockings for the children. They say I read better when I knit, as I read slower. I have no doubt this is true. Older persons, no doubt, read very much too fast for children to understand.

I consider "The Swiss Family Robinson" and Daniel De Foe's "Crusoe" as excellent works of fiction, while either is especially adapted for oral reading. The moral taught in the latter, although no mention is made of one by the author, is plainly to be traced throughout the story and which I take pains to point out to the children, as it appears more clearly in some parts than others. Robinson had a mind capable of producing good work, but just so long as he had his liberty, he was indisposed to do his duty. It was only when he had lost every advantage of home and society that he found their value. These afflictions regulated the restless condition of his mind, so that he was enabled to work and make himself comfortable on the desert island. How much happier he would have been, and how much anxiety he would have spared his parents, had he been willing to take his father's advise, and be content to stay upon the paternal farm; while the comforts, for which he afterwards worked so hard, would have been procured at a far less cost of labor.

This restlessness in our children is something which causes parents a real anxiety, while how to correct it or tone it down by careful cultivation is our earnest endeavor. The reading of an interesting book, the working of the plot, showing the folly of pursuing this restless desire of reaching for that which is beyond, to the neglect of the privileges immediately in one's possession—a book of this sort is, I think, a great help to parents.

I would not deny my child the privilege of bringing a book home from the Sunday-school library, though many of them are far from good, neither would I say he should not borrow or read works which are published only to blossom and perish; but I certainly would not purchase a book of unimportant character. A book purchased should be one which, after being once read, can be thought upon and referred to afterwards. I would like the books in any child's library to be of so good a nature that they should become his companions for life, which he could consult and refer to as long as he lived.

Goldsmith's histories of Rome and Greece are entertaining and instructive, while they are adapted to the capacity of the young

The Farm.

In this Department we cordially invite questions, answers, and also short communications on agricultural topics, brief crop reports, etc etc. Contributions should be written legibly and on one side of the paper only, and never on the same sheet with subscription letters. The full name and address should in all cases accompany each letter.

Profitable Sheep-keeping.

The following by a correspondent of the *Rural New Yorker* shows how sheep-raising may be made profitable: "An excellent farmer told me this year that for every sheep he kept he sold, in lambs and wool, an average of $5 worth per head. He said also that his sheep paid him better than anything else grown on the farm. Five dollars are nearly 10 cents per week; but, if bean straw or other coarse fodder be freely used, winter keep need not be very expensive, and the manure would be worth a large part of the cost of feeding. I am not so clear as to the profit of summering sheep. Where a farmer has a large amount of rough land unsuited to cultivation, sheep will utilize it better than any other stock, provided the land is not wet as well as rough. On low or swampy lands sheep will not do well—are liable to foot rot and other diseases. But if the farmer has only clover pasture let him beware of sheep. Either he must feed so light as to get little benefit from his pasture, or he will ruin the young clover, and he may do both. Sheep and clover both improve the farm, but they will not do it together. One neutralises the other. That "the foot of the sheep is golden" is a proverb only true when the pastures are filled with natural grasses and the herbage is made sweeter and richer from being kept closely cropped. Five dollars per head sales from a flock of sheep presupposes a good many ewes, nearly quite as many lambs as sheep and a good market for them. My friend this year sold lambs at $3.63 per head and wool at $1.50. Not all the lambs were sold, the ewes being saved for breeding and about as many old sheep fatted in the winter as were saved of ewe lambs. To get such a price for lambs they must be good ones. A full-blooded Cotswold buck is used. As the ewe lambs are saved the second cross is three quarter blood and the third seven-eighths. Lambs even of the half-cross are very strong, thrifty, and very heavy for their age. They are commonly dropped in February and March. This requires close watching and warm quarters in cold and stormy weather, but with these there is usually little loss, often less than farmers suffer who have ordinary lambs dropped in April or May. The grade of the Cotswold buck on the common native sheep is hardier than the thoroughbred. They need better feed than the common native lambs, but they pay well for all they get. It will pay them well to have a field of winter rye to turn on early in the Spring, after the weather becomes warm; better still if some grain be given to the ewe to stimulate her flow of milk, and as soon as the lamb is old enough to eat to increase its size. Young lambs will begin to nibble at oats when two or three weeks old, and will soon learn to eat greedily. Only a very little is needed in addition to the dam's milk. The larger the lamb the higher the price per pound. This is an unvarying rule, be the price high or low. I know of no way in which a little grain will pay so surely and so well as if fed to young lambs. Unless extra feed is given to the mother at least, early dropped Cotswold grade lambs are apt to become stunted and will never fully recover.

Water and Food for Horses.

A writer in the *Michigan Farmer* says: "Horses and cattle normally require, in round numbers, four pounds of water for each pound of dry substance in the food, while sheep require about two pounds, or about half as much. This estimate, the result of many careful experiments, includes the water contained in the food as well as that in the drink. The amount of water needed by pigs has not, I think, been accurately determined. With horses we find a different digestive arrangement—one that changes the conditions which were suitable for ruminants to a very important extent. Horses have but one stomach, and that relatively small; it contains, when fully distended, but 15 to 16 quarts, and in this condition is too full for the performance of its functions. Usually when digesting the food the horse's stomach does not contain more than 10 quarts, and as more food is eaten some of the contents pass onward into the intestines to make room for it. In eating a full feed of hay the stomach is filled two or three times, so the part first eaten can remain but a short time for digestion. Now, here is a point of great importance. The albuminoids of the food are digested in the stomach and a stomachful of grain contains four to six times as much of these as a stomachful of hay, consequently for a sufficient quantity of gastric juice to be mixed with the grain, and produce its full effect requires a much longer time than with hay. If, then, we feed oats or corn, and immediately afterward hay, we may be very certain that the grain will be forced from the stomach before it is perfectly digested, but if we feet the hay first and then the grain, it is not difficult to understand that the latter can remain in the stomach a sufficient time. There is one advantage in mixing oats or ground feed of any kind with cut hay or straw, and that is the more perfect mastication which the animal gives in this case, but it is doubtful if this advantage holds good with cattle, as they do not chew their food perfectly when eating, but rely on the rumination which follows. In mixing feed for horses we should not put a great amount of coarse food with the grain, or we will give more than the stomach will hold, and the last portions eaten will force the first ones into the intestines before they are thoroughly impregnated with the gastric juice. Thus, two pounds of hay and four pounds of oats are about as much as should be fed at once, when mixed, and if more oats are given the hay should be decreased; for instance, five pounds of hay may be given. Now these facts will give us a better understanding of the effect of water on digestion. If, after feeding hay and then oats, we allow a horse to take a large drink of water, a considerable portion of the oats will be carried by the water into the intestines, and we get little of the advantage of feeding the oats after the hay. If such a drink is taken soon after eating hay alone, the effect will not be so injurious, because hay does not need so long a time for digestion as grain. If only one or two quarts of water are allowed it will pass the food in the stomach without changing its position to any great extent. When the stomach has got rid of a considerable part of its contents it seems a difficult matter for it to force out the remainder, and fermentation and colic sometimes result; a drink of water at such a time, by carrying on the substance which has remained long enough, relieves the condition." This probably explains why some horse-car companies have found it advisable to have their horses watered at midnight.

Sheep Grubs in Head.

Grubs are deposited in the nostrils of the sheep during the months of July and August by the sheep botfly (Estrus ovis). Various remedies have been offered, all of which are to dislodge the grubs or prevent the gadfly from depositing the egg or grub. Each theory is received, but that the fly deposits the living grub is advanced by Riley and generally believed of late. As soon as the larva is deposited it begins to creep upward, irritating the delicate linings of the nose as it goes up. It remains in the head until May or June, when fully matured. Then they drop to the ground, where they remain 40 to 60 days, when the fly comes forth from its pupa state to propagate its kind. Its life in this state is brief. It eats nothing, only deposits its larva in the nostrils of the sheep. During this time, if the sheep could be kept on new pastures, where the botfly had not been dropped in the grub state, all would fare well, perhaps. The preventives are: Keeping a well ploughed piece of ground for the sheep to thrust their noses into; smearing tar on the sheeps' noses two or three times a week; or dusting the sheep in the barn, closely confined, for a few minutes with slacked lime, to make them cough and sneeze, so they will throw the young grubs out in the operation of sneezing. Salting sheep in auger holes, bored into a log a couple of inches, with tar smeared around these holes, so the sheep may smear their noses in getting at the salt, is practiced by some effectively. The inhaling of carbolic acid vapor is recommended by some. A feather, dipped in oil of turpentine, and gently passed up the nostrils and turned around several times, has been practiced. A weakened solution of carbolic acid or creosote has been used the same way. Sheep with grub in the head ought to be well fed to keep up the strength and vitality of the sheep. The extra demands for this irritating cause can hardly be estimated. The trying seasons on sheep for this parasite are the late Winter and early Spring months.

Lambs, on account of the more tender state of the linings, suffer more seriously from their assaults than older sheep.—*Coleman's Rural World.*

Concerning Hops.

A correspondent of the Coopertown *Republican* writes: We must not be surprised at the condition, prospects, quantity and quality of the coming hop crop, for the past three years have been heavy fruit-bearing seasons. Hops, like many other products, require years of recuperation. No man can estimate the coming crop with any certainty until the growth is weighed, for unhealthy fruit continues to lose until picked and cured. Great pains should be taken in harvesting the crop. Uneven hops should be picked very clean—without leaves or stems—dried slow and longer than perfect fruit; should not be left in stacks to heat, for one badly-warmed sack of hops often injures the sale of the whole crop. Do not get too dry, or leave them stack. Spread your kilns even and light, not too deep; eight to fourteen inches will do. Never disturb a kiln until cured, unless you are compelled to. Handle very carefully with one of the large hop shovels. Look well to the kilns, that they are properly ventilated below the fire and in the roof. No cold air should touch the hops until dried, for should it, the steam will be condensed to water and will fall to the hops, taking more time and fuel, and oftentimes injuring the quality. Your fire should be no less than 13 or more than 18 feet from the cloth. Sulphur should be used with great care. The cold bleach, I think, has had its day, perhaps to the sorrow of some. I have been most successful when burning steadily but a little suspended in a kettle, with slow fires, beginning at the second filling of stoves, using a little on stoves for a while, continuing until steam is well off; later in picking until the kiln is two-thirds cured. You will always get a better color on dampened hops than on dry ones; always wetting my latest kilns with good results, getting a healthy straw-color. Dry substances are but little affected by sulphur.

Angora Goats a Failure.

The animals have a healthy look, the fleece is beautiful and very prepossessing in appearance, the best qualities of wool command a good price, the pelts made beautiful robes and rugs; the meat of the kids is a delicacy, the tanned skins are good material for gloves; but the breeding of the Angora goat for its fleece is a failure in California, where it has now been tried for 20 years, as in Kentucky and Georgia for 30 years, and in France for half a century. In five years after the first Merino sheep had been brought to California for wool growing purposes the first importer had made a fortune, and wool had become a prominent article of exportation. In 20 years the Angora goat wool has not been able to obtain a mention in the ordinary annual summaries of exports. The men who have goats for sale at high prices tell about shipments of Angora wool, but the records of the commercial newspapers know nothing of them, and the large shippers of wool and the annual wool circulars take no account of them. So far as we are able to learn no herd of goats in this State yields enough wool to pay the interest on their cost and the expense of keeping them, and every person prominent as the owner of them looks for his main profit not to his wool clip but to the purchase of his bucks by ignorant and deceived customers. The production of Angora wool may ultimately be a success in California; hitherto it has been a most complete failure as a source of profit to those who made the venture. It is reported that are 50,000 high-grade goats in the State.—*Alta Californian.*

Land Reform in England.

When the subject of a protective tariff was recently brought up in the British House of Commons, as a measure for improving the condition of farmers of that country, John Bright, the eminent Quaker statesman, made a speech in reply, in which he contended that the only measures required for relieving the agricultural interest of that country were the abolition of the game laws, and the relief of the land tenures of the embarassments caused by the laws of inheritance and the enormous legal expenses of conveyance. Respecting the game laws, it may be said that while they are in existence the British farmer holds his lease *subject to the will and pleasure of all the hunters in the kingdom;* for although nobody is free to hunt without the permission of the landlord, yet the latter and all his friends may ride over a tenant's lands, *regardless of his crops!* The land monopoly which is the great curse underlying all this, is based upon the laws of primogeniture and entail. When the fathers of the great American Republic laid broad and deep the foundation of our liberty they prohibited all such laws forever in these States, and by so doing they insured the greatest good of the greatest number. England has been very slow to learn this lesson, but there is a powerful party now headed by John Bright, in favor the American system of inheritance and utterly opposed to land monopoly.—*Germantown Telegraph.*

Balky Horses.

A Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals recommends the following rules for the treatment of balky horses:

1. Pat the horse upon the neck, examine the harness carefully first on one side then on the other, speaking encouragingly while doing so; then jump into the wagon and give the word go; generally he will obey.

2. A teamster in Maine says he can start the worst balky horse by taking him out of the shafts and making him go round in a circle. If the first dance of this kind doesn't cure him, the second one will be sure to do it.

3. To cure a balky horse, simply place your hand over the horse's nose and shut off the wind till he wants to go, and then let him go.

4. The brains of horses seem to entertain but one idea at a time; thus continued whipping only confirms his stubborn resolve, if you can by any means give him a new subject to think of, you will have no trouble in starting him. A simple remedy is to take a couple of turns of stout twine around the fore-leg, just below the knee, and tie in a bow knot. At the first check he will go dancing off, and, after going a short distance, you can get out and remove the string to prevent injury to the tendon in your further drive.

A gentle-looking man, with a fancy fishrod, yesterday went up to Belle Isle to hook a few hundred pounds of bass. While fishing from the end of a pier, he got his hook fast, and after he had been in that condition for an hour or so, a man, waiting for a boat down, happened along and asked, "Hook caught down there" "Well, it is fast to something, and has been for a long time," was the reply. "Then why don't you land away on it?" "Well, you see," argued the gentle fisherman, as he manipulated the reel, "if it is fast to a fish I want to tire him out, and if it's fast to a spile, I don't want to pull this pier to pieces. I guess I'll wait a while longer."—*Detroit Free Press.*

We suppose that when a man "works like a beaver" he must use his teeth—*Waterloo Observer.*

State Convention.

Republicans of New York Gather Their Hosts Together.

Sen. Conkling Makes an Eloquent and Patrictic Speech.

SARAGTOGA, N. Y., Sept. 3.—A. B. Cornell, Chairman of the State Committee called the Republican Convention to order. United States Senator Conkling, who, as he entered the hall was loudly applauded, was unanimously chosen temporary chairman. He said, "We meet as representatives of an historic organization, in which many of us have grown old, but our hearts are young, warm and true, as in days long gone by. Reciprocating all your kindness, I like to receive it as an omen of concord and harmony in all the convention proceedings to be crowned by popular success. I congratulate you on the auspicious promise for the party and Republic."

Threatening dangers now appear in public affairs:

First—The pretensions of State Rights.

Second—Inflation.

Third—A dispesition to trample on the liberties of a part of the people

The Senator referred to the resumption of specie payments and said: "Our finances, if let alone, will be safer and better than they have been for many years. Abundant crops have been gathered, and this abundance will bring prosperity." The Senator proceeded to discuss the financial issue at same length. His reference to the quiet man, meaning Grant, and his veto of an act intended to check and defeat resumption by repealing the law fixing its date, was greeted with vociferous applause, as was his claim for the Republican party that it had effected resumption and made every paper dollar as good as gold. Following resumption hrs come renewed business prosperity, and all that is wanted is to keep off the hands of scheming men, noninterference with business by legislation and all will be well. Republican ascendancy means the maintenance and resumption of prosperity, and Republican ascendancy would be sure and easy if all the votes of the country could be freely cast and fairly counted, but this unfortunately cannot be, because in part of the country the vote was not free.

A pretension of States Rights again once more raises its head, It declares there shall be no free elections; there shall be uo fair count

A majority in the two houses of Congress at its late session, took the Government by the throat and then threatened to strangle it to death unless the President would sign bills which he knew to be unrighteous and unjust. The Jury laws which have stood for more than 80 years were prostrated, and the jury box prostituted. This was in order to give license to unlawfulness on election day and every day. The army was manacied, not only on all days, but on that very day when it should be most ready to act in support of national liberty. This was all for the purpose of strangling elections in behalf of brutal candidates. Four Southern States are certainly Republican by a large majority, and two more are on the same side if their votes could be recorded; but there will be no contest in the next Presidential election in the South. There will be no election there worth the name. Every vote will be registered for the Democratic candidate whoever he may be. This done only 47 more votes will be needed. New York has 37 of those votes, and this must be known and understood. Thus a great responsibility rests upon her. She will decide the contest of 1880. The action of New York this year will go far towards deciding the question—the action whether tax paying people shall rule this country or not.

Referring to party differences in the past Conkling claimed that all of them had been settled and the party was a unit no matter which was right or wrong in the past, now all Republicans stand together on every essential or living issue. We know that Democratic success now would mean sectional domination. Consequently with the ticket and platform to be here made, the State could be lost only by inattention and neglect. New York, imperial as she is, must this year go to the head of the Republican column. To this let us now and here pledge ourselves and each other.

Vice Pres. Wheeler was invited to a seat on the platform, but he had previously left the Hall.

The mention of the Vice Presidents name and that of George William Curtis, during the call of the roll of delegates brought forth great cheers.

After the appointment of the customary committees, recess was taken.

SARATOGA, Sept. 3.—The Convention having reassembled, ex-Collector Arthur, Chairman of the Committee on Organization, presented the name of Wm. A. Wheeler for permanent President.

On being conducted to the Chair, Mr. Wheeler made a short speech, in which he said: "The policy of seeking to starve the Government into submission to rebellion was initiated at Fort Sumpter and exemplified by the Democracy in the late session of Congress."

His speech was a general arraignment of the Democratic policy and record during and since the war; an eulogy of the Republican party and appeal to the necessity for continuing the latter in power in order to maintain and enforce the result acheived by the sword and to secure protection to every citizen in every right, regardless of his color, condition or locality.

Charles E. Smith, Chairman of the Committee on Resolutions, presented their platform and it was unanimously adopted.

A ballot for Governor was then taken and resulted: A. B. Cornell, New York, 234, (cheers); W. H. Roberson, Westchester, 166; Theodore M. Pomeroy, Cayuga, 35; Frank Hiscock, 35; Geo. B Sloan, Oswego, 1; John H. Harin, Montgomery, 4. Whole number of votes cast 450; necessary for a choice 226.

Vice Pres. Wheeler's vote for Robertson elicited applause.

Arthur's vote for Cornell was greeted with hisses and applause, while more hisses followed Conkling's vote for Cornell. Geo. B. Sloan's vote for Cornell elicited hearty cheers, followed by hisses. (Sloan was counted against Cornell). Geo. W. Curtis' vote for Robertson was received with applause

Wheeler, Chairman, announced that as A. B. Cornell had received a majority of all the votes, he was the nominee of this convention. A motion to make his nomination unanimous was adopted with a single objection.

The ticket was completed as follows:

For Lieutenant Governor, George G. Hookins; For Secretary of State, Joseph B. Carr; For Controller, James W. Wadsworth; for Treasurer, Hamilton Ward; for State Engineer and Surveyor, Howard Soule.

Minnesota Republicans.

ST. PAUL, Sept. 3.—The Republican State ticket was completed at one this A. M. as follows: Secretary of State, Fred Von Baumbeck; State Treasurer, Geo. Kittleson; Attorney General, Chas. M. Stait; Railroad Commissioner, Wm. R. Marshall.

ST. PAUL, Sept. 2.—The Republican State Convention met at noon in the Opera House. A temporary organization was effected by the choice of J. U. Daniels as President, and E. W. Frost and Christian Arnold as Secretaries. Committees were appointed, and the Convention adjourned to 2:30. The Committee on Credentials is now considering contested delegations from Stearns and other counties.

Upon reassembling a considerable discussion ensued upon the admission of contesting delegations, which, at 6 P. M., was called by the admission of the Pillsbury delegation.

A ballot was then taken, which resulted as follows: Pillsbury, 109; Wakefield, 49; scattering, 57.

The nomination of Pillsbury was made unanimous.

After the adoption of the usual platform and resolutions the Convention adjourned.

SOUTH AFRICA.

Cetewayo's Power Rapidly Diminishing through the Surrender of His Forces.

LONDON, Sept. 3.—A dispatch from Capetown, Aug. 19, says: Amrakaze, King Cetewayo's new kraal, was burned on the 13th. British cavalry the same day started in pursuit of Cetewayo, and at 7 on the morning of the 15th arrived at the kraal, where he had passed the previous night, but ascertained he had fled to the bush early in the morning. Lord Gifford, with a party of mounted natives, according to latest advices, were continuing the pursuit.

Sir Garnet Wolsley telegraphs that Cetewayo has only two or three followers with him. His Prime Minister, two of his sons, and three of his brothers have surrendered, with 650 head of royal cattle. Arms and cattle are being surrendered daily. The Colonial forces and natives advanced faom Luerburg the 12th inst. Ohmens are joining them, and the whole force expected to be opposite on the Assegai River. Gen. Wolsley has countermanded his orders for the advance of Swagies, as Cetewayo is known not to be in their direction.

Gen. Wolsely is expected at Pretoria the 16th of September.

MORE TROUBLE AT FALL RIVER.

Attachment of the Property of One of the Founders of the Manufacturing Industries There.

FALL RIVER, Sept. 4.—All the property of Jefferson Borden, one of the founders of the Fall River manufacturing industries, and an officer in many banks and other corporations, has been attached at the instance of the Fall River Savings Bank, his largest creditor. The attachments have been made in consequence of complications growing out of the down fall of Borden's son's-in-law Walter Paine and George B. Durfee. It is said that in the marriage of his daughters he gave them $100,000 each.

Border is one of the principal owners of the Providence Tool Company, and the trouble of that corporation with the embarrassment of the American Print Works and other Fall River property, impaired his wealth and credit, and the failure of Paine & Duffee have, it is feared, completed his ruin.

Counsel for Barden has seen his creditors with a view to compromise. Borden is anxious that all creditors shall receive an equitable share, but his liabilities on endorsements for American print works add members of his family being fabulous in amount, the dividends could not be large. The Metacomet Bank although a suffer, will not be ruined. The loss to the Eall River Saving Bank is serious but not fatal. The books of the bank are selling at 15 per cent. less than a month ago.

THE THUNDERER ON FINANCES.

It Thinks England Will be Able to Liquidate Her Debt for Grain.

LONDON, Sept. 5.—The Times, in a financial article, says: In the course of time some more gold will, doubtless, be shipped from here to the United States, but it is important to remember that whether it pays to send it or not, even as a mere speculation, depends upon the market rate of discount here as well as upon New York exchange on London. The sudden stoppage of the drain when money began to rise in value here seems to indicate that it was only shipped at all because rates for money were so very low. The diminution in the general consumption of this country of many foreign products excepting food, enables us to divert more than usual of what is due us by foreigners for the purpose of liquidating our debt to the United States. The fact of gold being sent here by France in payment of her debt to America, and it remaining here, suggests the probability of our being able to liquidate at the present moment even more than we owe for grain ourselves by cheaper means than direct gold remittances.

The Grain Trade.

LONDON, Sept. 2.—The Mark Lane Express, in its weekly review of the British grain trade, says: "The damage done is irreparable. No subsequent weather can prevent the outcome of this season's wheat crop proving most disastrious both in quality and quantity. Happily the weather the last day or two has been well suited to harvest operations. Many fields are still quite green, while in others the wheat, though more forward, is bad in color.

"Root crops are choked with weeds. Potatos have gone from bad to worse. In fact, in no single instance can agricultural prospects be said to have improved during the past fortnight. In consequence of foreign supplies, the bad weather had little effect on the wheat trade. The most that can be said is that in occasional instances buyers have submitted to an advance of a shilling per quarter, and even that was obtained with difficulty. It is estimated that similar agricultural disasters 10 years ago would have entailed an advance of 10 shillings per quarter. The supply for the moment has completely distanced the demand, owing to the outward movement from the American Atlantic ports. Trade, however, cannot be expected to remain in its present inert condition for any length of time, and a marked advance may be expected when the attention of buyers, now engrossed by the excessive foreign arrivals, is given to the fact that, taking into consideration the diminished acreage sown and the wretched results of the home crop, the amount of foreign wheat required to supplement our own deficiency is something like four million of quarters more than is required in ordinary seasons.

"There has been but little change in feeding stuffs. Barley fairly maintained last Monday's quotations. Maize and oats slightly favored sellers.

"Arrivals of cargos at ports of call have been large. Off coast wheat during the earlier part of the week ruled firm, owing to the wet weather. Old No. 2 Spring wheat advanced one shilling per quarter, whilst red winters were firmly held for full prices. But with better weather at the close of the week a quieter tone prevailed.

"There has been a good continental demand. Maize has been dull, and 3d. to 6d. per quarter cheaper. There has been a fair business in wheat for forward delivery at rather better prices, but the demand has again fallen off. Maize quiet; buyers continuing to operate very cautiously. Sales of English wheat last week, 17,759 quarters at 48 shillings 1 pence, against 33,442 quarters at 45 shillings 8 pence the previous year. Imports into the United Kingdom for the week ending Aug. 23, 1879, were 1,703,439 hundred weights of wheat and 196,439 hundred weights flour.

"In Mark Lane Monday wheat was slow at last Monday's quotations.

"Flour and barley unanimated. Maize rather favored by buyers. Oates advanced 6d. to 9d. per quarter.

Absolute Evidence.

Chicago Journal, Sept. 2.

Absolute evidence, taken from records in the courts at Toronto, Canada, show that Dr. Luke P. Blackburn, the Democratic Governor elect of Kentucky, was the originator of the Rebel conspiracy, in 1865, to introduce the yellow fever into the Northern cities of the United States by the distribution of infected clothing. The story is one of almost unparalleled barbarity. Witnesses from Bermuda testified that he actually sweat yellow fever patients to death in order to more thoroughly infect the clothing that he had wrapped around them, and that he covered the garments intended for distribution in New York, Washington and Washington and Philadelphia with black vomit. And this is the fiend whom the citizens of Kentucky to-day inaugurate as their chief officer of the State.

California Election.

Republican Ticket Generally Ahead.

Four Congressmen are Sure--Kalloch Probable, Mayor of San Francisco.

SAN FRANCISCO, Sept. 3.—The total City vote up to noon was 24,798 votes. This indicates a heavy vote will be cast unless an unusual falling off occurs during the afternoon.

MIDNIGHT—The polls closed at 6:30, having been as quiet an election as ever held in the City.

The total vote is 41,450. Not more than 1,500 can be counted before mid night, and the result in the City can only be conjectured. From all information obtainable, the best opinion seems to be that the Republicans have carried the bulk of the City ticket with the exception of Mayor. Kalloch, is thought to be running ahead of his ticket, with a prospect of a plurality. The Democrat H B ticket cuts no figure. It is thought the Republicans have re-elected Davis, Congressman in this District, and that the Republican State ticket generally is ahead.

No returns yet from the interior—some general statements, but not sufficient to even remotely indicate the result. The election passed off quietly, and in most places a large vote was polled.

In San Benito County Glenn is believed to be ahead. The Workingmen have probably carried Valejo by about 50 plurality; Glenn third.

In Fresno County the fight is between Perkins and Glenn.

In Santa Barbara it lies between Perkins and White. It is believed the former will have a handsome majority.

In Woodland, the county seat, Yolo, is considered strong for Perkins.

No ballots are yet canvassed in the City.

SAN FRANCISCO, Sept. 4.—About 600 votes were canvassed in the city. If they can be considered as indicative of the way matters stand in the few precincts reported, the Republican prospects for carrying the city are excellent although Kalloch is running ahead of his ticket but he appears to get his outside vote mostly from Democrats and H. B's.

Reports from the interior are too meagre and scattering to afford a basis for conclusion as to the result. Generally speaking, in comparing the returns with the vote on the new Constitution, the outlook is favorable to the success of the Republican ticket. Where White and Glenn run well together, Perkins is generally ahead, and where either Glenn or White has the decided lead, Perkins is second and running more evenly than the others. It seems probable that he will have a plurality. But few returns have, however, been received from the populous precinct. In the Second, Third and Fourth Congressional Districts, Page, McKenna and Pacheco seem to be doing better than the balance of the ticket. Indications point to a full vote in the interior. Probably but little will be known of the result before to-morrow evening.

Scattering returns from the interior foot up in round numbers Perkins, 1,900; Glenn, 1,100; White, 1,000.

LATER—Scattering returns from all counties except a few not in telegraphic connection, give Perkins, 4,675; Glenn, 3,688; White, 2,537. These returns are mostly from small country precincts, and include very few votes in the large interior towns. The latest returns from the City show: Perkins, 1,572; Glenn, 787; White, 1,439. It is generally admitted that Perkins will be elected by a hand some plurality. The Workingmen have probably elected Morrison Chief Justice, he being endorsed by the Democrats. They are also likely to elect McKinstry. McKee, Thornton and Ross, who are also endorsed by Democrats, and have probably also received many Republican votes. Stoneman, who is on all tickets except Republican for Railroad Commissioner, is elected.

Republicans probably elect Cone and Phelps from the northern and City district. With the above exceptions, Republicans have undoubtedly elected the whole State ticket and probably four Congressmen, though the third district is doubtful. In the City the vote for Mayor, so far as counted, stands Kalloch 1,611, Flint 1,570, Griswold 65. Kalloch's election is generally conceded, though not assured.

It is expected the Workingmen have elected the Sheriff and District Attorney, and probably the Auditor and City and County Attorney; otherwise it is evident the Republicans have made a sweep of the City Ticket.

Additional returns mainly from minor interior precincts give Perkins 7,124, Glenn 6,005, White 3,752. These are completed returns. Incomplete returns indicate further Republican gains.

The counting is progressing slowly in the city and indicate no relative change.

SAN FRANCISCO, Sept. 4.—Nearly one-third of the City vote is counted. Result: White, 6,277; Glenn, 1,232; Perkins, 6,078; Kalloch, 6,769; Griswold, 250; Flint, 6,247. This represents, probably, a fair average of the whole vote.

Up to 6 P. M. the returns from precincts in the interior, in which the count is complete, stands as follows: Perkins, 18,616; Glenn, 15,728; White 10,138. These figures include returns from all counties except a half dozen small outlying ones, and comprise two-fifths of the total vote outside the city. The large towns of Oakland, Sacramento, Stockton, Los Angelos, San Jose and many others are not included, the count there being still incomplete. Reports have been received, however, from most of them to the following effect: San Jose, 250 plurality for Perkins; Oakland, over 1,000 plurality; Sacramento, 1,300; Los Angelos, White leading Perkins, and Glenn about even and not far behind. All returns emphasize the previous report that the Republicans have elected the entire State ticket by a plurality probably not less than 15,000.

Page and Pacheco are elected to Congress, and probably McKenna. The contest is doubtful between Davis and Barbour.

Kalloch, for Mayor, retains a slight lead of Flint, and the probabilities as to the remainder of the City ticket are unchanged from previous advices. It is possible the workingmen may elect some of the Supervisors and School Directors, but nothing definite can be stated.

Advices regarding the legislative tickets are very meagre, but seem to indicate that the Republicans will have a majority.

MIDNIGHT.—Latest returns of the City: White, 7,445; Glenn, 1,581; Perkins, 7,068; Kalloch, 8,886; Griswold, 309; Flint, 7,689.

SAN FRANCISCO, Aug. 6—Returns from the city up to 2:00 A. M. place Perkins 1,333 and Kalloch 353 ahead of Flint. The vote is over half counted. There is no reason to change previous estimates of the result in the city. Perkins keeps gaining on Glenn and White in the interior, and is likely to have 20,000 plurality over either

They Know a Great Man.

Cincinnati Commercial

Ex-Minister Welsh is met by a few friends, quietly. Weston is met by an ex-Mayor of New York and a brass band. The Americans know a conquering hero when they see one.

Repudiation.

Richmond (Va.) Whig (Dem.)

The truth is, that if Virginia should at once repudiate her whole debt, it would be the most effective means possible to entice within her borders both capital and immigrants.

Votes as She Shoots.

Denver Tribune.

Mississippi votes as she shoots—for the Democratic party.

A RUSSIAN VIEW.

The Clear Expressions of an Official Visitor.

What He Thinks of the Future of the Grain Trade—America and Russia to be the Great Producers—Figures of Interest and Value—A Competition Without Jealousy.

St. Louis Republican.

Yesterday's *Republican* contained an interview with Mr. R. Orbinsky, a Russian official, who is visiting this country in the interest of his government to obtain information on trade matters here, and more especially in regard to rates and methods of transportation. Naturally, the vast grain trade of the country has interested the visiting official, and a discussion of some of its features having come up in the interview already referred to, Mr. Orbinsky yesterday supplemented what information he had already given in regard to the trade in his own country and its relation to ours by the following communication:

THE WORLD'S GRANARIES.

To the Editor of the Republican:

SIR—Yesterday in the evening I was honored by the visit of two gentlemen belonging to the American press of this City. They wanted to be informed of the commission with which I was charged from my Government. I answered to their questions as well as I could, but perhaps it will not be totally useless for their purpose if I send here some information concerning my country as wheat producer for the world's market and consequently as a competitor of America. I would be happy if your readers can find some interest in the following statements:

Russia is one of the oldest grain-producers in the world. A great part of the ancient Athenians' power belonged to the grain trade of their colonies on the northern shore of the Black sea. Olbia, Neionium, Tyras—all in the neighborhood of modern Odessa—were the feeders of Athens, Corinth and other parts of Greece where the territory was too small to produce the daily bread. Ancient Hellas was rich in arts but poor in the production of the first necessities for life. However, arts have now abandoned Greece for other regions, but the unproductiveness of the soil is still remaining the same. The ancient colonies on the Black Sea I mentioned, were fulfilling their destiny also under the Roman Emperors. Grain trade was ever their most important business. As Constantinople was built up the greatest part of its inhabitants were fed with wheat from the Black Sea, just as London in our day, or rather some years ago. In the middle age a change has taken place, but only in that way that instead of the old Greek merchants there appeared Italians from Genoa and Venice, whose memory till now remains very strong in the whole East. Till now, for example, in Crimea every ancient building, fortress, church, etc., are called Genoese by the people, even if they belong to prehistorical times.

A CHANGE.

All this changed as the Turks came in Europe and rendered themselves masters of the Black Sea. All communication between Southern Russia and the civilized world was cut off, and production of wheat erased in the large and rich fields north from the Black Sea shore. The population, scarce enough, it is true, was to be driven out, and the steppes became a wilderness, where only nomadic tribes, rushing from Asia—the Tartars—could exercise themselves in robbery and slave trade. Constantinople was no more fed by the Black Sea and had to make its provisions in the Danubian provinces and in Egypt. Southern Russia was no more mentioned in the wheat trade of Europe.

But again things changed at the end of the last century. The victories of Rumianzow and Suwarrow under the glorious reign of Catharine II. reopened the Black Sea for foreign trade; its shores became again belonging to the country to which it is linked by nature and by its geographical position. Settlers appeared in this once deserted and lawless part of the world, and they were not only from Russia, but from everywhere. German colonists filled the fertile valleys of the Dneper and the Dniester. The French introduced the first rare sheep known in Russia, and founded the now flourishing production of merino wool. Greeks and Italians filled the newly founded cities of Taganrog, Berdiourk, Mazionpol and Odessa. In the latter town till now the streets have on the side of their Russian names the same names written in the Italian language. In Taganrog the name of Garibaldi was pretty popular long before he was known to the world, because he came often there as the master of a Genoese ship. To these two nations, Greek and Italian, belonged during the first quarter of our century nearly the whole trade in our seaports on the Black Sea, and as the Greek raised against the Turkish domination, Odessa was one of the headquarters of their Hetaisia. A graeat part of the Independency war was fought out with money made by Odessan grain trade.

RUSSIAN WHEAT.

On the English market the wheat of Southern Russia appeared the first time in the Winter of 1802–1803 when the prices under the influence of bad crops for several years and under the then existing corn law had raised to the exceptional hight of 110 shillings per quarter. You know, sir, that under this law foreign grain trade was nearly impossible in England beyond exceptional circumstances as that I mentioned. In the following years we continued to export from Southern Russia, but it was rather to Spain, France and Italy that we did so, as to England. The bad crop of 1817 again opened to us the latter market, and from that time we have not ceased to occupy there a place rising every year. In 1847 we were actually the first furnishers of bread for the English nation. We could do so because the production of our country was not limited there, and the prices for grain in Southern Russia were then lower than anywhere in the world. There have been years when in the market of Odessa, itself pretty far from the places of production, a bushel of wheat of no bad quality could be sold, with profit for the seller, for 15 cents, and that in moments when the average price in the London market was 60 shillings per quarter. And yet the distance from Odessa to London is yet somewhat shorter than the distance between London and New York. You can see by it, sir, how much money under such circumstances could be made by foreign merchants in our Southern country, and you will understand now how great a part of the Greek insurrection has been paid off by Russian wheat.

Since that time prices certainly have changed, became lower in England and higher in Russia, but still Odessa remained the Queen of the grain trade of the world, growing to an average amount of 20,000,000 of bushels per year. America, as the French used to say, was not yet invented for grain trade. That happened only about 1810, and since that time the role of America is increasing from year to year so that now it becomes truly overpowering. The last year your country has furnished no less than 51 per cent. of the want of England, and we only 22. Ten years ago it was exactly the contrary of that proportion.

A WISE PESSIMIST.

I can say I was the first man in Russia that had foreseen and foretold such a result. In 1875, I published a brochure on that subject and was laughed at by our press. It was considered as a product of my imagination. I was called an incorrigible pessimist and my pessimism not worthy of attention. So I was indeed, but events have proved that truth was on my side. Then it was very natural for my government to inquire in what manner and by what way such a change could take place. With this inquiry I had the honor to have been charged.

Till now the productive powefo r

Dr. Harter's IRON TONIC

Is a Preparation of IRON and CALISAYA BARK, in combination with the Phosphates,

Endorsed by the Medical Profession, and recommended by them for Dyspepsia, General Debility, Female Diseases, Want of Vitality, &c., &c.

Manufactured by the Dr. Harter Medicine Co., No. 212 N. Main Street, St. Louis

The following is one of the very many testimonials we are receiving daily.

Gentlemen.—Some three months ago I began the use of DR. HARTER'S IRON TONIC, upon the advice of many friends who knew its virtues. I was suffering from general debility to such an extent that my labor was exceedingly burdensome to me. A vacation of a month did not give me much relief, but on the contrary, was followed by increased prostration and sinking chills. At this time I began the use of your IRON TONIC, from which I realized almost immediate and wonderful results. The old energy returned and I found that my natural force was not permanently abated. I have used three bottles of the TONIC. Since using it I have done twice the labor that I ever did in the same time during my illness, and with double the ease. With the tranquil nerve and vigor of body, has come also a clearness of thought never before enjoyed. If the TONIC has not done the work, I know not what. I give it the credit. Most gratefully yours,

TROY, O., Jan. 2, 1878. J. P. WATSON, Pastor Christian Church, Troy, O.

For Sale by Druggists and General Dealers Everywhere.

Russia is as great as that of America, perhaps even greater. In 1870 your wheat crop arrived to the cipher of 230,000,000 and the amount of ours was not beyon 325,000,000. But our population, however, in the greater part fed by rye is nearly twice that of yours, and consequently the surplus we can sell abroad is less than yours. But it is not the quantity that decides the question, but the kind of use which is made of it, and to this behalf certainly nothing can be more instructive for us than the example of America.

We are competitors then, America and Russia, but I never met a competitor so noble as your country. Every information I wanted was given to me with a courtesy I could never hope to find. There was nothing of the vile jealousy between rivalizing trade people, which we are accustomed to read in every history of commerce. And indeed America has nothing to fear from her generous and frank proceedings. We have ends less to learn from her; we will make, I hope, some progress in her way; but I think not that we will become her equal. All the advantages that nature and will of man can give are on your side, and all I wish is that my country could follow your example for the benefit of mankind, asking for cheap bread.

Your most obedient servaut,

R. ORBINSKY.

MISS

News of the Week.

THE CAPITAL.

The Postmaster General has ordered an actual daily count in all postoffices from the first to the seventh of November of all letters, packages, postal cards etc. Publishers of newspapers are requested to furnish postmasters with the number of papers mailed during the same time.

The transfer book of registered bonds, United States four per cent. loan, will remain closed the present month preparatory to the payment of the October interest. Registered four per cent. bondholders, whose names appear on the books of the Department, number about 70,000.

A dispatch says the President and his family leave on Monday for the West. Gen. Sherman will accompany the President to Cincinnati and attend the Exposition there.

will join the President at his visit to Kansas and remain with him until his return early in October. Secretary Thompson leaves to morrow for Indiana, and Secretary McCrary on the 20th for Iowa. The latter will inspect some western posts. When Postmaster General Key returns, General Tyner will go to Indiana.

Ex Minister Wells was at the State Department Friday, closing up his accounts. He paid his respects to the President at the Soldiers' Home.

A Washington dispatch has been received from the commander of the "Kearsarge" at Halifax, announcing that the special duty assigned to this vessel had been finished; that Messrs. Foster and Babson, agents of the State Department, sent out to examine the fishing grounds and make personal observation of the manner in which American fishermen plied their vocation in Canadian waters, had been afforded every facility to get information, and had landed at Halifax, intending to leave at once for Boston by Railroad. The exact result of their trip cannot be known until they have sent in their report to Sec. Evarts, who has sought this information in connection with the expected reopening of the fishery question. Mr. Babson is Collector of Customs at Gloucester, headquarters of the New England fishermen, and thoroughly understands the grievances and complaints of our citizens who have capital invested in the fishery business. Mr. Foster was agent of the United States before the Halifax Commission, and is also informed upon the disputed points.

At Washington Sept. 5, at the Cabinet meeting the Secretary of War submitted the question regarding the furnishing of rations to the persons in camp near Memphis, as requested by State Treasurer Polk. After a very general discussion it was decided that whatever aid is extended by Federal authority must be within the scope of the recent act of Congress, and must with the approval of the National Board of Health.

Both the President and Sec. Sherman express themselves very freely in reference to the nomination of Mr. Cornell in New York. Since the discussion concerning the nomination began in that State there has been every effort on the part of the administration to prevent federal office-holders from having anything to do with the manipulation of the election of delegates in the interest of or opposed to any particular candidate. Now that the convention has acted, the President expresses the hope that every Republican in the State of New York will give his full support to the nominee of the Convention. As to Sec. Sherman, he says that if he were in New York State he should do everything in his power to aid in the election of Mr. Cornell. As a matter of fact the administration has received much more criticism from those Republicans who desired to defeat Mr. Cornell's nomination because it would not allow the use of Federal patronage to secure this end than it has received from the friends of Mr. Cornell because of its efforts to oblige Federal officers to hold themselves aloof from every attempt to manipulate the election of delegates.

Sec. Sherman said Friday in regard to the matter: "If I had been a citizen of New York under the circumstances, I would have opposed the nomination of Cornell. The assumption that the Republicans of New York have, in their choice of candidate for Governorship signified their disproval of what I consider to be one of the most meritorious acts of this administration, is to some extent intensified by appearances," "but," he added, "both the act and nominations are now accomplished facts and it has become the duty of every Republican to support the ticket with all his might. The proceedings seem to have been conducted with entire fairness, and the selection of the candidates is beyond doubt an expression of the choice of the party. If," he added, "the questions at issue were merely with regard to the choice of men they would not be worth fighting about. They are much more than that, and I hope that every friend of the administration will give the ticket his hearty support."

On Saturday last Ex Governor Reuben E. Fenton, who is in Washington, called upon the President, Secretary of the Treasury, and other officials today. His mission has reference to the publication of the report of the bimetalic commission to Europe last summer, of which he was a member.

Mr. Fenton says that the outlook for the general adoption of bimetallic standard is much more promising now than when the commission finished its labors. A portion of the fund appropriated at the last session of Congress for the promotion of an understanding between this country and some of the leading commercial states of Europe still remains at the disposal of the Secretary of State; and it is not improbable that, although the life of the commission has expired, the conference may be resumed in the same form before the meeting of Congress. The report of the commission has been published and is ready for distribution.

Mr. Fenton finds the feeling among all classes of Republicans with whom he has conversed here regarding the political outlook in New York very hopeful, while the indications from California are especially gratifying.

At Washington Sept. 8, a private letter from South Carolina conveys the intelligence that Alex. Brice, of Walhalla, in that State was fatally assassinated near his residence about eight days since. Brice was a prominent Republican and a native of South Carolina. He served in the legislature from 1868 to 1871, and was afterward County Treasurer of Oconee County.

WEST.

At Des Moines, Ia., Sept. 3, the Iowa Encampment of the Grand Army of the Republic last evening, directed the Commander to detail a special guard to escort Comrade U. S. Grant through the lines of the encampment.

EAST.

At Providence Sept. 4, the estate of A. & W. Sprague's manufacturing company in this County was attached by the National Bank of Commerce of New York, which denies the validity of the trust deed under which the property is held. It was offered at auction to-day by the United States Marshal, and under the execution several parcels were struck off.

At Boston, Sept. 4, Charles Demond, late Treasurer of the Massachusetts Home Missionary Society, was arrested this afternoon charged with embezzlement. Various irregularities in Demond's official conduct were discovered last Spring, and an examination of the books now show the amount of his defalcation is between $30,000 and $60,000.

The citizens of York County New York have invite the military and civic societies and municipal officers of the State to join in the proper celebration, on the 19th of October, of the surrender of Cornwallis at Yorktown. The Governor is requested to appoint delegates to meet delegates from other States in Philadelphia, and arrange for a grand centennial celebration in 1881, in which the Army and Navy of the United States will be requested to participate.

At New York Sept. 3, the Pacific Mail steamship company received the following dispatch from Yokohama today:

To Capt. John Riley, President of the Pacific Mail Steamship Company, New York:

The steamship "City of Tokio," sailed on the 3d of September, and will probably arrive at San Francisco September 21. Gen. U. S. Grant was a passenger on the steamer.

SOUTH.

At DeKalb, Miss., Sept. 2, the Chisholm murder cases were called up in the Circuit Court. The defendants moved to quash the indictment, but the motions were overruled. The State and defendants then announced themselves ready for the trial, and special venires of 75 jurors were drawn in each case. The final case to be tried is that of Henry G. Gully, for the murder of Miss Cornelia Chisholm, which is set for Friday. The other case will be tried next week. Gen. Woodford will remain here until the close of the trial, but will not take part in the proceedings. He came as an escort for Mrs. Chisholm, a clerk in the Treasury Department at Washington, and a witness for the prosecution.

At New Orleans, Sept. 5, Monday's storm lasted from noon till 10 at night and did great damage to property in town. The loss in buildings, fences and crops in the country is incalculable. From every section of the parish comes the sad tale of great destruction of cotton and corn crops. Cane is leveled with the ground and will hardly be able to recover. The losses in town, independent of coal and ferry boats, is estimated at $30,000.

The roof of Henry Von Optial's sugar house fell in and killed 20 of 78 mules placed there for safety.

Fifty yards of wall around the penitentiary are demolished, and parts of the building unroofed and the machinery damaged.

Dr. A. N. Bell, of the National Board of Health, is now at New Orleans to enforce the national quarantine law in regard to vessels leaving as they pleased to term it, the infected port of New Orleans. He has appointed three deputy inspectors for that purpose. In this connection the population at present in New Orleans may be stated at not less than 200,000, there is now but one case of yellow fever in the City, and that is in the fourth district, fully two miles from the business center.

At DeKalb, Miss., Sept. 5, the trial of Henry Gully for the murder of Miss Cornelia Chisholm commenced at ten o'clock this morning. The excitement is intense, but repressed. The court room was crowded with people from all portions of the country, white and black. Thirty-four of the 75 jurors have been searchingly examined; five have been secured, two white and three colored. P. W. Davis, white, the most intelligent man who has been presented, swears that while he was absent from the scene of the Chisholm massacre, he deplored it. Although he talked with over 300 men concerning the matter he has heard none express any opinion fixing the different killing on any person or persons. He was peremptorily challenged by counsel for the State. The names of jurors accepted up to 8 o'clock are Jonathan Robinson (colored), James A. Sanford and C. C. Stewart (white), Henry Ramsay and Harrison Maury (colored), and L. J. Honeycutt (white).

Col. Meek, for the defence, and Judge Morris, for the prosecution, had quite a lively tilt to-day over the latitude of the examination of jurors, in which the court ruled in favor of Mr. Morris. There will unquestionably be a riot in case of the conviction of Henry J. Gully.

Roumania.

A Bucharest, dispatch says the stage of siege has been raised in the Bulgarian district of Rasgrad, Shumla and Osman.

Bazar, the Roumanian Minister of the Interior, has informed the Chambers that he has taken the necessary precautions regarding the threatening famine in the districts of Arges and Olt.

Russia.

The Agence Russe says the meeting between the Czar and the Emperor of Germany is the best possible reply to recent malicious attempts to disturb the good relations between Germany and Russia.

Various storms in the Gulf of Finland have caused the river Neva to raise to the level of the streets.

The canals in the center of St. Petersburg have overflowed and the faubourgs are under water. Iron roofs have been blown from houses and churches in all directions. The guns of the citadle firing all Thursday night and Friday notices have been issued warning the inhabitants to take precaution against the floods.

Afghanistan.

At London Sept. 9, it is stated that military authoritief in India have been empowered to hold back any troops whose term of foreign service has expired. Large reinforcements of troops are to be despatched to India to operate in Afghanistan, the first batch leaving England the 16th of the present month on the troop ship "Malober." The ships "Jumna" and "Euphrates" fol,ow speedily.

Cuba.

A Havana dispatch says the Spanish Minister of Colonies has cabled Captain General Blanco to draw against the Spanish Treasury for $50,000 daily, and augment the amount, if needed, to stamp out the Holguin and Santiago de Cuba bands. The newspapers say that official information from Holguin and Santiago de Cuba represents that perfect tranquility prevails among the inhabitants of the surrounding country. The principal chiefs of the old insurrection remain loyal to the Government.

The Government has created a new military jurisdiction, embracing Holguin, Tasturas and Gibora, and because of their too great distance from the jurisdiction of Santiago de Cuba, to which they belonged. Gen. Julo Valero has been appointed Military Governor of the new jurisdiction.

EUROPEAN FINANCES.

English Papers Upon the Shipping of Gold to America.

LONDON, Sept. 6.—The revival of American demand for British exports continues a principal theme of all the financial reviews and articles.

The Economist says there can be no doubt that business is rapidly reviving in America, but that for the present it is not easy to say whether the American demand for British goods will spring up in time to take the edge off of the export of bullion.

The feature in the returns of the Bank of France, is a decline in its bank reserve. The bank is now selling gold coin at one per mille premium for export to London and the United States. No returns of these sales are published, but it is estimated that the exports to London this week have been £120,000 and a further sum of £400,000 will leave for the United States by to-day's steamer. Gold shipped from France to America since the purchases commenced this season is estimated at 3,000,000 pounds.

The Economist also says: "All accounts which reach us respecting harvest operations well nigh throughout Europe, tend to prove that there will be an increasing demand for American wheat. In southern Russia and Roumania not more than half an average crop appears to have been secured. The prospect of a prolonged shipment of gold across the Atlantic appears to be drawing near, though doubtless it will be gradual and in a measure recouped by supplies of gold drawn from the Continent. Further sums of American eagles have been shipped from England for New York during the week, and gold has been taken from the open market for the same quarter, but during the last few days the movement has certainly slackened.

—ASK for "Sellers' Liver Pills." No others possess half their virtue. 25c per box. Sold by all druggists.

"Lies! Big Lies!"

Not so fast, my friend; for if you would see the strong, healthy, blooming men, women and children that have been raised from beds of sickness, suffering and almost death, by the use of Hop Bitters, you would say "Truth, glorious truth." See "Truths," in another column.

THE YELLOW FEVER.

It Still Prevails in the South—Appeal for Relief—Jay Gould Responds.

MEMPHIS, Sept. 4.—A. Langstaff, President of the Howard Association, who left last Monday, telegraphs from Louisville to-day as follows: "Have received from Charles D. Jacobs, ex-Mayor of Louisville, $601 08, which, with $2,000 previously remitted by him to the Howard Association of Memphis, is the entire balance remaining in his hands from collections for yellow fever sufferers in 1878. I will consult with other parties here and proceed to Cincinnati to-morrow. I am very much encouraged."

Twenty-six new cases in all, equally divided between white and colored, are reported to the Board of Health to-day.

NEW ORLEANS, Sept. 3.—The two children of Gen. Hood sick with the fever are improving.

One new case is reported—Harry Shelton, aged six, of 746 Magazine street—taken August 30.

MEMPHIS, Sept. 4.—For the 24 hours ending at noon yesterday the interments by the several undertakers summed up 208 persons. It is fearful to think of. The aggregate for the present season, counting from the 5th of July, when the fever first appeared, is less than 300. On Saturday next, and regularly thereafter, the Mississippi & Tennessee Railroad will receive freight for points between here and Granada, trains to leave every Saturday and Wednesday. Dr. G. W. Overall, a Howard physician, reports as follows: "Edward Ramsay, a nurse in the employ of the Howards, gave a dose of medicine contrary to my orders, after telling him several times not to give it. The patient, whose name is Barney Harty, will probably die from the effects of the dose." Ramsey has been discharged and his name entered on the black list at the Howard nurse department. Since the outbreak of the epidemic the following ministers have died of the yellow fever: Rev. B. F. Tiller, at Shelbyville; Rev. S. C. Stewart and Rev. J. H. Ridley, colored. Two Catholic priests have also died—Fathers Fahey and Doyle.

MEMPHIS, Sept. 4.—The "Can't-get-away Club" of Mobile, Ala., have authorized the Howards to draw on them for $500.

The wife of Squire W. B. Glisson, who left Memphis last Sunday by private conveyance, thus evading the inspecting officers on the railroad train, is down with yellow fever at North Withe depot, a station 25 miles distant from this City, on the Louisville & Nashville Road.

The son of the late Dr. Robert E. Richardson applied yesterday for a pass to go to Nashville, but was refused. This morning he was stricken, and has a severe attack. Quarantine of the environs of the City goes into effect to-day. Fifty mounted men will be employed as patrol guards.

The Board of Health to-day issued orders declaring the City an infected port.

MEMPHIS, Sept. 4.—Twelve new cases, four white and eight colored, were reported to the Board of Health this morning. Seven deaths have occurred since last night: Thomas Reilley, Mike Scully, Lizzie Schwartz, Otilla Ringert, J. S. Houck and two colored. J. S. Houck died at Buntyn Station; the two colored near Springdale, six miles northeast of the City.

MEMPHIS, Sept. 4.—Twenty seven cases in all were reported to the Board of Health to-day, 12 of whom were white. Among the number are the two Misses Falkenburg, Jas. T. Lee, Joseph W. Lee, Annie Kemp, Miss Van Willis, and Constance Hanna.

Three additional deaths have occurred. Mattie Pens, Miss Van Willis, Gen. John S. Skiffington.

The Howards have appealed for assistance as follows: The Howard Association of Memphis after having battled for the past two months with the dread destroyer in their midst find every dollar in their treasury exhausted, several hundred sick and convalescents to be provided for, and a large number of nurses to be paid. We were hopeful in the beginning that with the fund then on hand at the outbreak of the epidemic we would be able to provide and care for the sick that would be thrown on our hands, but the fever has continued to spread, and, with two long months yet before us, leave no alternative but to appeal to the charity of the nation for substantial aid. The generous people throughout the Union will not fail to respond to this call for help. We feel that we are performing a sacred duty to the impoverished and distressed people among whom our lot is cast. The bounty of a common people was showered upon us in 1878, and to those same willing givers we appeal. If help is not speedily furnished we will be compelled to abandon the work we have engaged in, leaving hundreds to suffer and die for the want of a Howard's helping hand.

W. J. SMITH.
Acting President Howard Association.
T. ROANE WARING,
Secretary Howard Association.

John B. Easton, son of Dr. Thomas S. Easton, died to-night at 8 o'clock.

MEMPHIS, Sept. 5.—The following telegram was received this morning:

NEW YORK, Sept. 5, 1878.

W. J. Smith, Acting President Howard Association of Memphis:

I send you by telegraph $5,000 to aid the Howard Association. I am certain generous people throughout the country will contribute liberally to aid your stricken city. At any rate keep on at your noble work till I tell you to stop and I will foot the bill. What are your daily expenses? Answer.

[Signed] JAY GOULD.

MEMPHIS, Sept. 5.—The following response was sent in reply:

MEMPHIS, Sept. 5.

Jay Gould, esq., New York City:

Your handsome donation of $5,000 to the Howard Association of Memphis, to be used in relieving the sick under our care, is most gratefully acknowledged. The grand sentiment you express, to continue our noble work, and in the event that our appeal to the generous people throughout the Union is not heeded, that you would foot the bill, has nerved us all and strengthened our faith in the cause in which we are now engaged. Such liberality as you have shown will, we have no doubt, find a responsive echo in the breasts of the charitable of the Nation. Our expenses now aggregate $1,000 per day. Should the fever continue to spread the expenses must necessarily increase.

[Signed] W. J. SMITH,
Acting President of the Howard Association

MEMPHIS, Sept. 7.—Miss Ella Houck, daughter of the late J. S. Houck, died of fever this afternoon at Brighton Station. The Howards to-day assigned 16 nurses to duty. Weather clear and pleasant.

LATER.—Eleven cases in all, four white and seven colored, were reported to the Board of Health to-day. Eight deaths have occurred, Mrs. Hattie Walker, Lula Atwood, Frank W. Dahl, Pauline Whitehold, Mamie Lecoq and three colored.

Col. J. S. Prestedge was stricken last night, but his name is not yet reported to the Board of Health.

H. I. Berlin remains in a dying condition.

Midnight.—W. S. Berlin died to-night at nine o'clock. The deceased was the Vice President of the Knights of Honor and Secretary of the A. O. U. W. relief committee. He is claimed to have had the fever last year.

MEMPHIS, Sept. 9.—Ten cases, nine white and one colored, were reported to the Board of Health this morning. Among the number is E. C. Brookshire, a compositor in the Ledger office. Eight interments have been reported: Mrs. Maggie Bennett, Wm. Werrewitt, Joseph Buchignani, Charles Bieman and four colored. The weather is cool and cloudy.

MEMPHIS, Sept. 9.—The following has been received:

To the Associated Press Agent:

Please send the following:

To all Federal Soldiers:

Again we call for help. Let us not starve. The Howards do not provide for us, nor the City Government. We need money, provisions and blankets. The fever will not subside before frost. All business is stopped and will not re-open until winter.

[Signed.] H. T. HILL,
Capt. 9th Ill. Cavalry, Chairman of the Relief Association.

T. B. MILLARD, Secretary,
42 North Court Street.

MAINE ELECTION.

Republicans Have Made a Splendid Fight with Great Results.

LEWISTON, Sept. 8.—There severe rain storm prevailing would doubtless reduce the votes were it not for the great interest taken in the election.

In Auburn, the Republican legislative ticket is declared safe. In Lewiston both parties claim the legislative tickets.

PORTLAND, Sept. 8.—At 2 o'clock the vote was Republicans, 2,501; opposition, 1,789. Last year it stood Republican, 2,888; opposition, 2,936.

LEWISTON, Sept. 8.—At 2 P. M. Republicans have 125 majority here; 350 in Auburn. The rain has ceased and the votes are coming in rapidly.

Portland, except the islands, which will not materially change the result, gives Davis a majority of over 600.

Cape Elizabeth and Deering, heretofore Democratic Towns, are reported Republican.

The vote in Portland, including the islands, is as follows: Davis, (Rep.) 3,411; Garcelon, (Dem.) 1,460; Smith, (Greenbacker) 1,295; scattering, 625. The Republicans last year lacked 48 of a majority.

Lewiston gives Davis 1,411, Garcelon, 851; Smith, 513. The Republican Representatives are elected.

Auburn gives Davis, 1,214; Smith, 567; Garcelon, 389. Two Republicans are elected. Probably Republican County Senatorial ticket is elected.

Damariscotta shows a gain of 50 for Davis.

Bangor gives Davis 375 majority, a gain of 485. Three Republican Representatives are elected. Total vote 3,491; Davis, 1,933; Garcelon, 469; scattering, 23.

Brewer gives a Republican majority of 254—a gain of 150.

All Towns thus far reported in this vicinity show large Republican gains.

Cornish gives Davis 159; Smith, 107; Garcelon, 45.

Rockport—Smith, 567; Davis, 274; Garcelon, 59—a Greenpack gain of 69. The Republicans gain 44 on Representative.

Richmond gives Davis 20 majority.
Dresden gives Davis 23 majority.
Bowdoinham—Davis 208 majority.
Bowdoin—Davis 70 majority.

Dexter experienced its most exciting State election. Davis, 345; Smith, 276; Garcelon, 35. The vote on biennial sessions and elections is almost unanimous.

Twelve Cities and Towns, including Portland, Bangor, Lewiston and Auburn, give Davis 630 majority.

ELLSWORTH, Me., Sept. 8.—Davis, 545; Smith, 424; Garcelon, 93; scattering, 17. Eugene Hale, Republican, is elected representative from Ellsworth.

AUGUSTA, Me., Sept. 8.—Official vote: Davis, 1,077; Smith, 879; Garcelon, 91; scattering, 14, Davis's majority, 93, the Republican representative is elected. The vote for Governor last year stood Connor, 978; Garcelon, 676; Smith, 180.

BATH, Me., Sept. 8.—Davis, 1099; Garcelon, 179; Smith, 307; Bion Bradburry, six.

Davis' majority in Sagadohoc county is about 1,115. The Republican representatives are all elected, also the Senators and county officers.

PORTLAND, Sept. 6.—Eighty two towns give Davis, 23,607; Garcelon, 6,573; Smith, 14,744. The vote last year stood Connor, 18,772; Garcelon, 8,948; Smith, 12,809. The Republican majority this year is 2,290, against an opposition majority last year of 2,265. The Republicans have increased their vote about 20 per cent. while the opposition is but 1½ per cent.

BIDDEFORD, Sept. 8.—Davis, 1,009; Smith, 779; Garcelon, 327.

SACO, Sept. 8.—Davis, 843; Smith, 346; Garcelon, 256.

PORTLAND, Sept. 8.—City vote corrected—Davis, 3,411, Garcelon, 1,461, Smith, 1,294; scattering, 37. Two hundred and four towns give Davis 46,372, Garcelon 14,041, Smith 29,201; scattering, 53. The same towns last year gave Connor 38,292, Garcelon 18,658, Smith 24,129; scattering 24. The Republican majority is 3,077 against an opposition majority last year of 4,519.

LEWISTON, Sept 8.—The complete vote of Androscoggin County is: Davis 4,533, Garcelon 1,842, Smith 2,412.

ELLSWORTH, September 8.—Returns received at nine o'clock this evening indicate that the Republicans have carried Hancock County by about 500 majority, electing two Senators and the entire County ticket. Last year the opposition carried the County by 72 majority.

SKOWHEGAN, September 8.—A summary of 94 Towns in Somerset County gives a Republican gain of 781 over last year. Trouble with the telegraph has prevented reports from the towns above. The County ticket is not supposed to be elected by the Republicans. Three Republican Representatives are elected, making a gain of two.

BIDDEFORD, Sept. 8.—York County is very close, the chances favoring the Republicans, who have elected the County Treasurer. The Democrats and Greenbackers gained two Representatives, electing nine to the Republican six.

In Cumberland the Republican County ticket is all elected. Fifteen out of 20 Representatives are elected, a gain of seven.

Reports from other Counties indicate that the contest in both the House and Senate is very close and can only be decided by fuller returns. Although the day opened rainy the vote will be the largest ever cast.

The amendment to the State Constitution providing for biennial sessions and elections is undoubtedly carried.

ROCKLAND, Sept. 8.—Returns from 11 Towns and one plantation in Knox Co., give Davis, 3,035, Smith, 2,477, Garcelon 695. Last year the same towns gave Connor, 1,274, Smith, 1,340, Garcelon, 1,718.

Four towns and one plantation, not yet reported, last year gave Conner, 456, Garcelon, 363, Smith, 454. By a large transference of Democratic votes to the Greenbackers the latter will elect their County ticket by about 500 plurality. Returns show four Greenback and two Republican Representatives elected, with two representative classes to hear from.

DAMARISCOTTA, Sept. 8.—Lincoln County complete gives Davis 2,498; Smith, 1,658; Garcelon, 960. The Republicans elected the Senator and County officers except attorney. The opposition majority last year was 960. The Republicans elect three of the six Representatives—a gain of two.

PORTLAND, Sept. 8.—Two hundred and nine Towns give Davis 46,795; Garcelon, 14,192; Smith, 29,521; scattering, 533. The same towns last year gave Conner, 38,667; Garcelon, 18,839; Smith, 24,538; scattering, 24. The Republican majority in these Towns is 2,929 against 4,754 opposition majority last year. The Towns to be heard from gave last year, Republicans, 17,878; Garcelon, 9,369; Smith, 16,833. If they come in like the others, the total vote should stand: Republicans, 68,500; Democrats, 21,000; Greenbackers, 50,000; and Davis will lack 2,500 of an election.

PORTLAND, Sept. 6.—The Republicans will be able by their majority on a joint ballot to elect the subordinate officers, even though they have not elected a majority of the Senate.

AUGUSTA, Sept. 8.—Midnight.—Sen. Blaine has just sent the following dispatch:

To Sen. Allison, Dubuque, Iowa:

The result of to-day's election may be briefly summed thus: We have carried a large majority of the House of Representatives and a majority of the Senate, apparently, though not certainly. We have given our candidate for Governor a plurality of more than 20,000 votes over the Greenback candidate, and 40,000 over the Democratic candidate. Whether we have given him an absolute majority over both, will only be determined by further returns and possibly the official count. On a joint ballot in the Legislature we shall have a large majority, thus controlling the executive council and the election of all the State officers. The majority against us last year was over 18,000, equivalent to 60,000 majority in Illinois; to 80,000 in Pennsylvania; or to 100,000 in New York. To overcome this enormous majority in an off year with no general election pending, was of course, a difficult task, and our Republicans feel they have made a splendid fight with most gratifying results.

J. G. BLAINE,
Chairman Rep, State Com.

PORTLAND, Sept. 9.—The returns though not official, show in the House 87 Republicans to 64 Opposition; Senate, 15 Republican to 10 Opposition; with York, Oxford and Franklin uncertain. One vote from either County gives Davis the Governorship in the event of the Opposition getting all the others. A Republican House would probably send up the name of Bion Bradbury a straight Democrat, who has a few scattering votes thrown, and an Opposition Senate would of course elect him. This estimate gives Cumberland, Sagatahoc, Lincoln, Kennebeck, Androscoggin, Hancock, Washington and Piscattaquis to Republican, 15. Somerset, Penobscot, Waldo, Aroostook and Knox to Opposition, 10; York, 3; Oxford, 2; Franklin, 1.

The Losses to Creditors by the Breaking of Private, State and National Banks.

WASHINGTON, Sept. 8.—John J. Knox, Comptroller of the Currency, some time since addressed a letter to all the Bank Examiners, requesting them to obtain information in reference to the losses to creditors of State banks and private bankers in the different States, subsequent to January 1, 1876. He has received returns from the following States:

Kentucky	$184,190	Illinois	$5,810,260
Indiana	184,455	Missouri	2,200,000
Ohio	1,594,450		

Making a total loss to creditors by the failure of State and private banks during the last 3½ years of $9,453,355.

The losses to creditors of National banks in the same five States during the last 15 years, or during the entire existence of the National banking system, has been but $2,101,909, as follows:

Ohio	$187,148	Kentucky	None.
Indiana	107,660		
Illinois	1,349,148	Total	$2,101,909
Missouri	457,953		

The total losses to creditors of all the National banks since the organization of the system have amounted to only about $7,000,000.

The losses of State and private bankers in the State of Illinois during the last three years have been an amount equal to three fourths of all the losses to creditors of National banks throughout the United States since the first one was organized. The loss in the State of Missouri has been nearly one-third of that amount and in Ohio about one fourth of that amount, while the losses to creditors in these five States during the last three years have been much greater than all of the losses in all of the National Banks since the organization of the system.

There have been five failures of National Banks since the 1st of January. The amount due the creditors of these five banks is $456,600. The amount of dividends already paid is $94,981, and it is estimated that at least 90 per cent. dividends will be paid to the creditors of the banks which have failed during the present year.

Army and Navy News.

WASHINGTON, Sept. 5.—First Lieutenant R. M. Armstrong, of the First Infantry, is transferred from Company G to Company C of the Regiment, vice First Lieutenant F. M. Lynde, who is transferred from Company C to Company G. Lieutenant Armstrong is ordered to join his proper station.

The resignation of First Lieutenant Wenz C. Miller, of the Fourth Cavalry, has been accepted by the President.

By direction of the Secretary of War Commissary Sergeant James Graham, U. S. A., now at the Leavenworth military prison, Fort Leavenworth, Kansas, is relieved from duty at that post and ordered to proceed without delay to Fort Gill, Indian Territory, and report to the commanding officer of that post for duty to relieve Commissary Sergt. Edward Rain, U. S. A., who, on being relieved, is ordered to proceed to Fort Hamilton, New York harbor, and report to the commanding officer at that post for duty.

Assistant Surgeon Charles Smart, United States Army, is relieved from duty in the Department of the East, and ordered to report for temporary duty to the President of the National Board of Health in this City for chemical and microscopical work connected with sanitary investigations.

Second Lieut. Henry De H. Waite is transferred from the Third Infantry to Company G of the Fifth Cavalry, at Ft. Washakie, Wyoming Territory, and is ordered to join his company.

Second Lieut. William F. Almy is transferred from the Third Infantry to Company C, Fifth Cavalry, at Fort McKinney, Wyoming Territory, and is ordered to join his company.

The United States ship "Constellation," en route to New York, passed Cape Henry at 11 o'clock this morning.

The ship "Portsmouth" sails to-morrow from Halifax for Norfolk, Va.

The "Constitution," which is now being repaired at New York, will soon be commissioned and used as a training ship. She will probably take part in the review of training ships to be held at Hampton Boards early in October.

Commander S. W. Nichols is detached from duty on light house inspection of the Seventh District and placed on waiting orders.

Commander G. W. Wood is detached from the navy yard at New York and ordered to release Commander Nichols.

A Queer Church Difficulty.

Special to Cincinnati Commercial.

COLUMBUS, Ind., Sept. 1.—John Wagner, who resides at Indianapolis, to-day, through his attorney, Ben. F. Davis, filed a complaint against the Rev. Victor A. Schnell, pastor of the Catholic Church of this City, alleging that in July last, while his wife, together with their infant daughter Katie, was on a visit to this City, that the said infant daughter Katie was, without his knowledge or consent, by the said defendant, the Rev. Victor A. Schnell, baptized into the Catholic Church, and that a record and entry of the same was made in the church records, and plaintiff demands that said Victor A. Schnell be required to come into court with the said church and baptismal record by him made of the baptism of said infant child, Katie Wagner, and that there and then, in the presence of the Court, he be required to make "erasure, cancellation and destruction" of such church and baptismal record, and asks such other relief as the Court may think "meet and proper." This is certainly a very peculiar case, and is the second case of the kind ever brought in the Courts of the United States. Francis T. Hord and Cooper & Burns, of this City, have been retained by Father Schnell as his counsel, and the case will probably be heard during the present term of Court.

SPECIAL NOTICES.

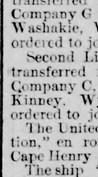
PRESCRIPTION FREE

For the speedy Cure of Seminal Weakness, Loss of Manhood, and all disorders brought on by indiscretion or excess. Any druggist has the ingredients. Address DAVIDSON & CO., 8 Nassau St., New York.

GENERAL EFFECTS OF

FELLOWS'

Compound Syrup of Hypophosphites.



The first apparent effect is to increase the appetite. It assists digestion, and causes the food to assimilate properly—thus the system is nourished. It also, by its tonic action on the digestive organs, induces more copious and healthy secretions. In effect the mucous membrane is such that easy expectoration is produced; not only are the air passages easily voided of the secretion already deposited, but shortness of breath, or consumptive habit. The nerves and muscles become strengthened and the blood purified.

Follows' Compound Syrup of Hypophosphites

Speedily and permanently cures Congestion of the Lungs, Bronchitis, Consumption, Nervous prostration, Shortness of breath, Palpitation of the Heart, Trembling of the Hands and Limbs, Physical and Mental Depression, Loss of Appetite, Loss of Energy, Loss of Memory. It acts with vigor, gentleness and subtlety, owing to the exquisite harmony of its ingredients, akin to pure blood itself. Price, $1.00 per bottle. Sold by all druggists.

Walding, Kinnan & Co., Agents,

The Markets.

General Produce.

PHILADELPHIA, Sept. 6.—Breadstuffs—Flour—market inactive. Wheat firmer; rejected, 100@102c; No. 2 western red in elevator, 103½@110¾. Corn steady and firm; low-mixed, on track, 47c; high-mixed do., 48@48½c. Oats inactive; mixed, 30c; white western, 31½@32c.

DETROIT, Sept. 9.—Breadstuffs—Flour steady. Wheat higher and excited; extra, 103c; No 1 white, 99½c; seller September, 99½c; seller October, 101c; seller November, 101c; milling No. 1, nominal. Receipts of wheat, 70,000 bu; shipments, 61,000 bu.

CINCINNATI, Sept. 9.—Flour, $4 45@5 65. Wheat firm; red and amber at 80@85c. Corn unchanged at 37@38c. Oats unchanged at 24@28c. Whisky strong and active at 10½c. Provisions firm. Pork at $9 50. Lard steady; summer, $5 65; winter at $5 70. Bulk meats unchanged; shoulders, $3 25; short ribs, $4 80; short clear, $5 05. Bacon unchanged at $4 00@5 25@5 62½.

BUFFALO, Sept. 9.—Wheat for milling demand firm; sales, 10,000 bu; new Duluth at 105c; 4300 bu sample Green Bay at 102c. Corn in good request; sales 60,000 bu No. 2 mixed western at 40@40½c. Oats nominal No. 2 mixed western at 28c. Rye—State at 50@51c on track. Canal freights unchanged; 7½c on wheat to New York 6½c on corn. Railroad freights unchanged. Wheat, 9c; corn, 8½c.

MILWAUKEE, Sept. 9.—Breadstuffs—Wheat—The market advanced ¾@1½c; the noon board closed unsettledat 102c for hard; 93c for No. 1; 90½c for No 2 cash; 90c seller September; 85½c seller October; 84½c November; 85½c for No. 3; 86c for No. 4. 70c for rejected; receipts, 81,000 bu; shipments, 7,000 bu. Corn—Market is steady; 37½c for No 2. Oats—Market firm at 28¾c for No 2. Rye—Market firm at 50½c for No 1. Barley—Market steady at 58c for No. 2.

ST. LOUIS, Sept. 9.—Flour—Market unchanged; X, $4 60@4 10; XX, $4 75@4 80; family, $4 85@4 95; choice, $4 90@5 10. Wheat higher; No. 2 red, 93¾@93¾c cash; ——@——c seller September; ——@——c seller October; ——@——c seller November; ——@——c seller the year; No. 3 Red, ——@——c cash. Corn higher at 32c cash. Oats higher at 28@28½c cash. Whisky steadier at 10½c. Provisions—Pork firmer at $8 50. Dry Salt meats stronger; clear ribs, $4 80@4 85. Bacon firmer; clear ribs, $5 25@5 37½. Lard saleable at $5 75. Hogs scarce and firmer; Yorkers to Baltimores, $3 40@3 50; mixed packing, $3 20@3 45; butchers' to extra, $3 50@3 70; receipts, 1,600 head.

TOLEDO, WEDNESDAY MORNING, Sept. 10.—The wheat market has been active, prices advancing; Spot Amber at 99½c; seller September, at 99½c; October, 99½c, and November, 99¾c. No. 1 White Michigan firm at 100c; No. 2 White, 98½c; No. 3 White, 99½c. No. 2 Red Wabash, spot, 99½c; D. & M., 99½c; Canal, 99½c; seller September, 99½@99¾c; seller October, 99½c; No. 3 Red, 94½c; Rejected, Wabash, 91c. No. 2 Amber Illinois, quiet at 102c; Western Amber, 96¾c. No. 2 Red Mixed, 96¾c. No. 2 White Corn sold at 45c; High-mixed, 37½c; Rejected, 36c. No. 2 Oats, 24c; Rejected, 21½c. Rye was quiet at 52½c. Clover Seed, $5.00.

NEW YORK, Sept. 9.—Cotton—The market is steady at 12⅜c for middling uplands. Flour is more steady; receipts, 5,000 bbls; sales, 15,000 bbls; extra state, $4 25@4 50; extra western, $4 30@4 45; Round Hoop Ohio, $4 50@5 75. Rye flour is steady at $3 40@3 90. Wheat—Spring firm; Winter 1@1½c better; market fairly active; receipts, 240,000 bu; sales, 1,350,000 bu; No. 2 Red, seller September 111¾c. Rye is quiet at 67½@68c for State and Canada; 66½@67c for No. 2 Western. Corn, ¼@¾c better; receipts, 68,000 bu; sales, 130,000 bush; 46¾@47¼c for western mixed. Barley is nominal. Oats firm; receipts, 58,000 bu; sales, 30,000 bu; 29½@30½c for mixed western; 32¾@38 for white. Pork steady at $9 00. Beef steady. Lard is quiet at $6 17½. Butter—6½@20c. Cheese—2@7½c. Whisky—90½c. Sugar—5¾@7c. Eggs at 13¼@16½. Petroleum—56¾@56¾c in bbls, for crude; 6½c for refined. Tallow—5 13-16.

CHICAGO, Sept. 9.—Wheat—Market is strong and higher; No. 2 red, 95½@96c; No. 2 spring, 85¾c cash; 85c seller September; seller October, 86½c; seller November, 87½c. Corn—market weak and lower at close; 38¾c cash; 34c seller September; 34c bid seller October; 33¼c seller November. Oats firm and higher; 24¾ cash; 24c se